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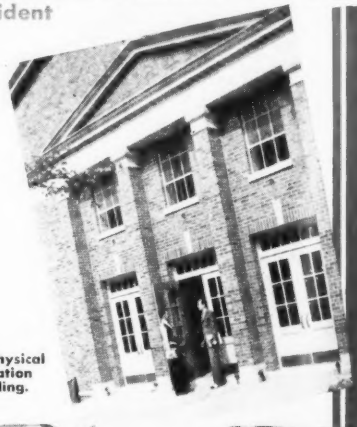
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"Who's Running
this Church *Anyway...*

*Miss
Endicott?"*



SAM PEMBROKE was the only member of our church board that took exception to Miss Endicott's letter. He seemed to think it was a criticism of him—*personally*. Perhaps this was because he was chairman when the church was built, two years ago.

As a matter of fact it was a *good* letter. The kind I would have written long ago—except I knew Sam was "touchy." In substance it said that the church had a bad echo and that it seemed no matter where she was seated, she had a difficult time hearing the sermon, and couldn't we do something about sound-conditioning?

"Seems a fair enough request," said one of the members, "the minister and some of the other members of the congregation have been complaining about the echo too." Then it was agreed that Sam and I should investigate the matter and make a report.

Sam was still mad when we left the meeting. That's when he exploded about Miss Endicott. But the next week when he and I went to see the Celotex Sound-Conditioning people and learned about the fine work they had done in some other churches here in town, Sam was actually *enthusiastic!*

The Celotex Sound-Conditioning people did our church too, with Acousti-Celotex. You can hear *perfectly* from any pew and the interior is more beautiful than ever. Evidently Sam isn't peeved at Miss Endicott any more. I saw them sharing a basket at the church picnic last week.

Celotex Sound-Conditioning has made a definite contribution to better hearing, better acoustics and greater comfort in hundreds of churches all over America. And the *proven materials* with which this work was done are still available—no priority order is necessary.

If your church is "hard of hearing," consult with the Celotex Sound-Conditioning representative in your territory. Without obligation he will tell you what sound-conditioning can accomplish and what it will cost. A note on your letterhead will bring him to your desk.

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WE STAND

Blindly we waited on the brink of war,
Each busy with his ant-like, vast designs;
Nor cared what other men were fighting for.
We dwelt behind the sea's protecting lines.

Then in a Sabbath dawn the bombers spoke
Over the palm trees of a peaceful land—
Complaisance vanished in the Arizona's smoke.
God knows we wanted peace. But now WE STAND!

In war, as peace, we hold it certain yet
'Tis man's eternal birthright to be free,
And in this hour of fate dare not forget
That freedom had its birth in Galilee.

Let us lift voices in a mighty shout
Thanking the day that brings us now at length,
After we've crossed the deserts of our doubt,
Back to the inner source of all our strength.

With ease and safety gone before the gale,
We turn at last to God—Who does not fail.

By

William W. Edel

Chaplain, U. S. Navy



NO PROFITEERS HERE

WAR has not brought plenty to the people of the city's slums; Jane's mother gets no more pay for a day's work than she did before the war; Emil's father gets no more for his work as janitor in a cheap tenement and John's father expects any day now his job will end for the duration. No, there are no war profiteers living in the slums.

The streets and the rooms of the crowded tenements will be just as hot and unhealthy as ever; there will be more danger and greater strain put on already over-stimulated nervous systems. The children of the poor still need vacations from their poverty and from unwholesome living—need them more than ever before.

The Juvenile Aid Bureau of the Police Department is finding more serious problems growing out of the war. The hospitals are finding more children needing vacations and have said something we want to tell you—for it is to you they are saying it:

"From our observation the children at Mont Lawn seem to get a valuable training aside from the bene-

fit to their health."

Give us a child for a month and if there is a grain of decency we will make it grow. Living at Mont Lawn a child becomes acquainted with a new way of life. Our workers have a great deal to give the children in their daily contact; the beauty and peace of Mont Lawn and the surrounding country gives the children a contentment they have never known.

Your little guests are given all the good food they need and the medical care they require; the days are crowded with things to do: games to play, hikes through the woods, swims, good books to read but equally important are the things they receive that will help them grow spiritually—that will help them to better-balanced living. Many of our little guests have no religious background; many of them show signs of becoming social problems. When you know the history of these children you wish there could be a Mont Lawn for every child of the cities' slums.

It is wonderful to be able to give these things to the children of the poor—to give them a vacation from their

poverty and from unwholesome living.

Can you think of any more important work than the training and educating of the children of today for the men and women of the coming generation? If we as Christian men and women do not do this job, who will?

There are 200 beds waiting to be filled—each one with a hungry little child—for \$10 you can let a little boy or girl have one of these beds for two weeks of plenty of food and happiness. You hold the entrance fee to Mont Lawn—will you pay the way for one or two weeks?

Dear Friend:-

Here is \$.....
which will take a child out of the
slums to God's country 1, 2, 3, 4,
5, 6, days.

1 week, 2 weeks, all summer.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

*"BE merciful after thy power, if thou hast much,
give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little
for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity." Tobit IV, 8/9.*

AUGUST, 1942

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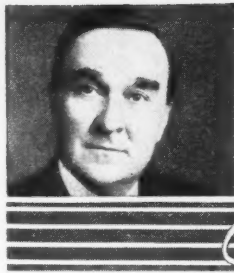
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OUR PLATFORM

Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace: that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity: that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING

Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

Where can a true statement of actual conditions in Japan and of the Japanese statement of preparedness be secured? How are we to believe what we read? Where are the facts?

Answer:

The clearest and most convincing statement of these facts appeared recently in a broadcast by United States Senator Elbert H. Thomas of Utah, formerly a missionary to Japan. He knows the country and the people intimately. I have not read anywhere in any book or in any journal anything comparable to the statement of Senator Thomas. I am glad that he is a trusted adviser of the State Department on all Far Eastern matters. If mistakes have been made in the past they are not likely to be repeated in the future so long as he is in Washington charged with this responsibility. He has the greatest respect for the ability, intelligence and the preparedness of the Japanese. It is just a little disconcerting to learn that the literacy rate in Japan is higher than it is in our own country, but we do need the truth. Also, Senator Thomas has convincing ideas about the character of the offensive warfare that must be waged to overcome military Japan. He speaks to the point.

Question:

It is proposed that conscientious objectors be given farm work, that instead of being kept in camps they be used in the production effort of the government. Do you favor this?

Answer:

I do. Idleness or undirected effort is waste. These men are almost invariably of high character and ability. Anything that I can do to advance such a constructive plan as the question suggests I shall be eager to do. An editorial in a New York daily is particularly heartening. I quote:

"Those who are tempted to throw stones . . . would do better to ask themselves what their own faith is and with how much of forgetfulness of self they are living up to it. . . . There will be never enough of these to interfere with our war efforts."

Question:

Recently a Philadelphia religious society in a formal meeting denounced war as anti-democratic and warned that conflicts are breeders of totalitarianism. Should even a pacifist religious organization have the right to sabotage not only our war efforts but the Christian convictions of those with whom they disagree?

Answer:

Deliberately I answer this question immediately following the preceding answer—No! No religious society should have the right to sabotage in the way described, the war efforts and the Christian convictions of those with whom they disagree. Our convictions and efforts are as precious to us as their convictions and efforts are to them. Always I shall support the right of the conscientious objector, risk misunderstandings and suffer personal inconvenience in such support. But propaganda now to enroll conscientious objectors, to weaken defense of freedom and democracy, however sincere the individuals or groups, is anti-American. It is not pacifism. Indirectly and even directly, it is activism for the dictators.

Question:

What became of the slogan which was used in Philadelphia, and perhaps elsewhere, "Keep America out of war, and war out of the world"?

Answer:

The slogan "Keep America out of war and war out of the world" was seriously proposed by several peace groups—now we know that the first could never be if the latter ever failed. Futile and unethical the motto now appears, though it was offered with utmost sincerity by splendid men and women.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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Question:

What can be done to stop the careless use of such words as "yellow" and such phrases as "yellow dogs," "Hitler's yellow friends," "slant-eyed demons," etc. Is this not a bad thing right now?

Answer:

It certainly is a bad thing right now, and at any time. Bad for morale, bad for the unity of free people in their fight to save their freedom, in their appalling finish fight to survive. There are more yellow men standing with us than against us. Remember the courageous Filipinos who were with MacArthur at Bataan; remember the more than four hundred million brave Chinese who have thus far demonstrated the only successful defense against the Japanese invader. How do we think they feel about such expressions as those named in this question? Sixty million Javanese and their cousins in the South Seas have borne the full shock of the enemy's advance. Calling names will get us nowhere—but into trouble.

Question:

Why should not service men be given the courtesy of busses, elevated, subways and streetcars? The fire and police forces receive this consideration. Are not the service men just as deserving?

Answer:

I think they should be given this courtesy, and I am passing the question and my answer on to the proper authorities. If I am mistaken, I am open to conviction. I believe that policemen and firemen should have the courtesy, but that our service men and women should receive the same consideration when they are in uniform.

Question:

In times like these is it wise to marry? Under the circumstances, do you think that young people should even consider families?

Answer:

The answer cannot be standardized, but some young people choose—and I believe wisely, even under present-day circumstances—choose to marry and bring children into the world. It seems to me where the choice is made to be both heroic and beautiful, typically American and filled with faith, faith in God, faith in democracy, faith in the American way of life. Again I say the answer cannot be standardized. Always the choice must be individual and made facing all the factors that are involved.

Beauty in Wood

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IN a world upset by war, more and more people are seeking solace and guidance through religion. They are turning to their churches for help, and here they are finding this needed inspiration.

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Daniel A. Poling; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

AUGUST 1942

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HOWARD RUSHMORE'S

MOTION PICTURE

Comments

AT A time when few Hollywood films are making what we would characterize as an invaluable aid to America's war effort, the public is entitled to a vigorous presentation of a great drama woven around the many foreign peoples who have united in defending their adopted land against encroachments from abroad.

We can visualize a really inspiring film devoted to the Italians, the Germans, the French, the Russians and the dozens of other races who have made America their home and, with few exceptions, their country. Men with names strange to the Anglo-Saxon tongue died at Valley Forge, at Chancellorsville, at Pearl Harbor. They were Americans and proud of it. America gave to them refuge and hope; to her many of them have given their lives.

It is with considerable disappointment that we report *Friendly Enemies* produced by United Artists, does little to tell this enthralling story. Ducking the issue at hand, the script dates back to 1918 and involves two rich Americans of German birth. One is loyal; the other faithful to Germany. But their children are thoroughly Americanized and only when the Kaiser's men almost kill his son does the recalcitrant one awake to the danger.

It is an artificial situation, that's occasionally made funny by the splendid acting of Charles Winninger and Charles Ruggles; but it is not America, 1942. James Craig and Nancy Kelly, as the loyal children, bring across an invigorating message, but otherwise *Friendly Enemies* is so much slapstick and melodrama. The movie audience still awaits the epic that can be made of a melting pot which has congealed into a united nation; solidified with victory as the object.

Nazi Spy Ring, featuring Michael Whalen and Anne Nagel, is what we hope

to be approximately the final number in the "cops and robbers" method of handling film stories of Axis agents. Lurid and quite humdrum melodrama.

Barbara Stanwyck turns in a vibrantly beautiful performance in *The Gay Sisters*, a dramatic and entertaining character study of three women who sought to carry on the tradition of a bygone era. Adults will enjoy this serious, at times ironical, film. With George Brent, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp and Nancy Coleman. A Warner Brothers picture.

West Point, the military academy that has produced such men as General Douglas MacArthur, gets affectionate historical treatment in 20th Century-Fox's *Ten Gentlemen from West Point*. The establishment of the Academy in the early 1800's and the experiences of its first cadets is told with ample emphasis on its later fame. Starred are George Montgomery, Maureen O'Hara and Laird Cregar.

Columbia's *They All Kissed the Bride* is another one of those attempts to strain the patience of the Hays office and yet avoid the censor's scissors. There is little we can recommend in this alleged romance.

Wings for the Eagle is the story of defense plant workers and we congratulate Warner Brothers for their skill in dramatizing these too-often unsung heroes of the battle for production. A simple story, but well told and the patriotism emerges as a wholesome force. With Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan and Jack Carson.

Adults will be amused at the antics of amnesia-stricken William Powell, suave diplomat and/or thief in MGM's *Crossroads*. It is mystery fare a la Alfred Hitchcock and one of the best "who done it" movies of the sea. Also features Hedy Lamarr, Claire Trevor and Basil Rathbone.

The Country Preacher Says:

HERE it is June 17th, and the preacher speaks at another graduation tonight—this will make four of them. Someone was telling the young people where he spoke the other night about how much one could do with only the proper urge. A fellow was out walking and came across a bear. The only thing to do was to take to his heels and so he did. He saw a tree a long way off and started. He was about to give up when the hot breath of the bear on his neck spurred him on again although he was just ready to drop. He came to the tree. The limb was way up, he could never make it. Then the hot breath again. Exhausted to the limit he gave a mighty try. He missed the limb—but caught it on the way down!

A professor has just phoned me about his garden. He had some pride-of-your-life summer squash vines one day. The next day they were gone—striped beetles. He planted them over—seeds never came up. Now his cabbages and beans are disappearing. He thought it was rabbits. "Woodchucks" said I, and he admitted there was a fresh hole nearby.

So many things about farming that city folks would never think of and never find in a government bulletin. A woman bought a place near a big slow-running brook—just a place for ducks she said, and most anyone would think so. But one by one the ducks disappeared. She appealed to the Preacher. "Snapping turtles" said I and that was all there was to it and enough; but who would have thought of that?

Mama pig has a nice large family of babies and looks so thin and seems so hungry. She must have a good feed this time. You give it to her and in three days she is dead. Give her nothing but water for about three days. The same with mama cow—a good feed of grain and a lot of good cold water right away after having her baby—either one will probably end her days.

My hen sits on the eggs all right for a while, but now she is off and on and the eggs will never hatch. "Lice" said I; "You didn't powder her and the nest."

"I had lovely radishes but soon they were all sort of wormy" says one. "You didn't mix a little salt with the earth as you sowed them, did you?"

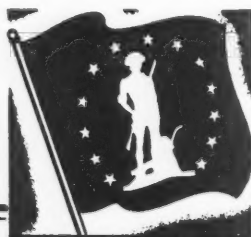
We got in the last load of hay yesterday—never did we finish haying thus early, and such a perfect crop it is—cut so early and not a spear of it bad. Never before did we begin haying in May as this year.

Didn't I write about one of those off days we all some times have? Well, a woman was telling me the other Sunday about a day she had. It was Thanksgiving and her son was in the hospital, and she could just crawl about and hanging onto her head it ached so; but she said to herself, I just have got to do something for my good man to make it seem a little bit like the glad day it is supposed to be. I will make a mince pie anyway. And she managed to make it and it baked to a perfect brown and as she took it out of the oven if the thing didn't slip out of hands and turned the other side up, all persquash, right on the floor. She scooped it up threw it in the hen pail and went to bed!

George B. Gilbert.

CHRISTIAN HERALD

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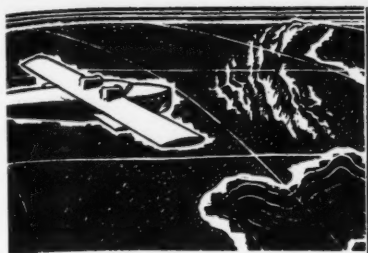
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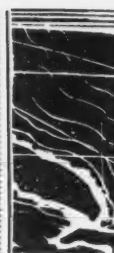
Money invested in War Savings Bonds means liberation for all the enslaved peoples of the world.



NEWS DIGEST

of the month

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

CLOSER: The war is coming closer. Shells have dropped on California and Oregon beaches, saboteurs have landed from German subs on Long Island and in Florida and the Japanese are in the Aleutians. That's close—too close.

There will be a hue and cry for the shooting of those sub-saboteurs. ("Spies" is the more fitting name.) By all the time-honored rules of war, they ought to be shot. But time and honor are playing a small part in this war.

Before you join in the hue and cry, remember this: perfectly innocent hostages are being held abroad, by the Axis nations, against just such possibilities. These American innocents will be executed in reprisal if there come executions in America. The question for us to decide is whether we are willing to see those Americans shot abroad, whether the execution of these spies here at home is worth that.

Whatever the punishment meted out to the captured Germans, there are two other elements in this picture that should make us cheer. One is the F.B.I. is "on its toes." Every one of those saboteurs was rounded up in a hurry; the destruction never got started. The other element is that from now on, every Bundist and ex-Bundist in this country should be watched day and night, by F.B.I. and civilian alike. They are a more terrible threat because they are working from the inside out; as familiar with this country as any true American, and they are probably a lot more familiar with the defense set-up than ninety per cent of the rest of us. Vigilance is the word for it!

ALEUTIANS: The enemy is in our back yard; he has established a foothold in the Aleutians. Just how much of a foothold that is we do not know and will not know until the fogs lift.

The most persistent and impenetrable fogs that float anywhere over the face of the earth float over the Aleutians; they offer the perfect screen for an

enemy working on the surface, and the defenders in the air have a most limited visibility of ground movements. But the fogs do lift, eventually—and when they do, we will be reading of a big air and naval battle.

We are hearing the wailings of a lot of arm-chair strategists who always know more about fighting than those who are doing the fighting; they want to know: "Where is the Navy? What's the Army doing in the Aleutians?" They asked the same thing some weeks ago, before Midway and the Coral Sea: "Where's the fleet?" That fleet has knocked at least one-third of the Japanese navy out of business, to date, and it is quite conceivable to this editor that when the moment comes in the fogs off the Aleutians, that it will do some more knocking.

We have a right to be worried about those Japanese footholds; if past performances mean anything, we also have a right to a little confidence in American arms. Every time we have met the Japanese on anything like even terms, we have won. We are in a position to meet them on something more than even terms in the Aleutians.

WALLACE: Every dawn sees a new man of the hour tossed up by the war. This morning the man most in the sun is Vice President Wallace; he is getting a more elaborate publicity and build-up than any other man in the public eye.

A great deal of this has come out of two speeches made recently by the No. 2 Man on Capitol Hill. One of those speeches has been circulated in book form, and a careful perusal of it makes us wonder why. There is nothing here that has not been said before—by William Jennings Bryan and Billy Sunday and F.D.R. This speech is a fine statement of certain truths about the war with which all of us are familiar; notably lacking is any constructive suggestion about the post-war period of reconstruction. That may be as important as a

restatement of "what we are fighting for."

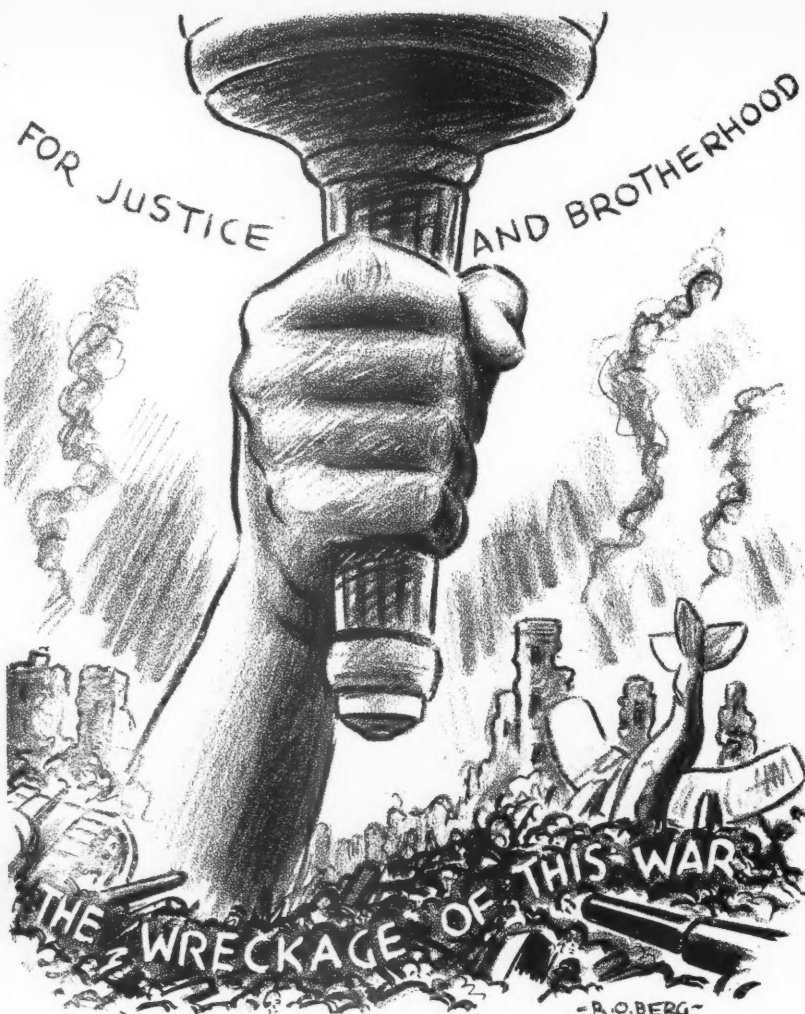
We say this not at all in criticism; we say it because we believe Mr. Wallace may some day be President of the United States. We believe he has qualifications for that; he has long experience in the inner circles of Washington, he comes from the grass-roots section of this country, and he is the most religious-minded man in Washington. His writings are filled with a homely, inspiring Sermon-on-the-Mount philosophy.

What the voting population will be wanting from Mr. Wallace is more of the "how-it-can-be-done" outline for the making of tomorrow. That is a large order to ask of any man.

BOSS: Says one of the most prolific writer-critics in America: "The time has come when Mr. Roosevelt must take charge of this war and carry it through to victory. There is no other way. We can afford no more disasters." He goes on to mention the fact that, "We have just noted the arrival in India of a huge convoy of troops, airplanes, tanks and supplies. Had this convoy been sent to Egypt, it might have made a great deal of difference."

It seems to some of us that Mr. Roosevelt is already in the driver's seat in this war. Mr. Churchill and Mr. Molotov come to Washington to decide on their strategies; from Washington go the orders for the shipment and disposition of American aid to the Allies; from Capitol Hill has gone the lend-lease material that has stemmed the tide.

It may be safer—and even more intelligent—to have it that way than to have it all proceed from the desk of a newspaper man in New York City. So far as India versus Egypt is concerned, it would not be too much of a trick to bring the planes and much of the supplies from India to Egypt, in good time to halt Rommel. Greater distances than that have been conquered, in other emergencies. And men on the ground in



THIS MUST COME OUT OF IT

India may know a little more than we do of the necessity of men, planes and supplies in India.

There is, of course, another side to this picture. Many a battle was lost in World War I before we got a unified command; the dividing of forces, to which this critic objects, has in truth brought down disaster more than once. But what we need is not so much one boss for the whole war, as one unity of purpose and decision against the most unified and one-purpose enemy we have ever faced.

HEALTHY? The boy across the street—just out of high school—has gone to work in a big defense industry; he is making from seventy to ninety dollars *per week*, and he is spending his money like water. Tens of thousands of young Americans are doing the same thing, and it is something for mother and dad to think about.

It is part of the madness of the hour—and it is anything but healthy. Your editor—and many a dad who will be reading

what he writes—started work on a job that paid twelve dollars a week. He got married with just about enough in the pay envelope to make ends meet, and it was the healthiest thing that ever happened to him. Struggle in the days of youth is a great heart-strengthener and character-builder; the temptation of big easy money to a boy in his teens can be one of the worst character-destroyers he could meet.

Added to this is the certainty that those wages are not going to last forever; there will come a sickening drop when the war is suddenly over and we return to more sensible wage levels. All this should prod the fathers of America to some sober reflection and some careful advice to the younger generation. Bullet wounds and broken bodies are bad enough, as war casualties; the mind-set of healthy youth, distorted by abnormal incomes and living conditions, may turn out to be an even greater casualty.

GAS: The good-natured gas-station man of whom we buy gas smiled the

other day when we offered him our ration-card, and said, "Forget it. I haven't punched a ration-card for two weeks." We blinked, and drove on.

That was "the other day"—before the new gas-rationing system went into effect. Under the system that ended late in July, there was no check on the manner in which the gas-station man disposed of his supply. It was almost laughable; the minute a gas station opened for business, there was a line a mile long before his pumps, and in two hours his tanks were bone dry. It didn't make much difference what sort of card you had; if you got there early you got gas, and if you didn't, you went without gas. It was a bad system. It had to be changed.

Under the new system, the station man must affix coupons taken from the customer to a report sheet supplied by the government; he must turn in those coupon-covered reports before he can obtain more gas for his pumps. The wholesaler who supplies him with his stock must also turn in the coupons he receives from the filling station; the man who supplies the wholesaler must turn *his* in, and the refinery must turn in its report—and all the reports are checked by the OPA.

It is an elaborate arrangement, but it had to come. It may not be air-tight; no system has ever been that. It depends in the final analysis upon something that has nothing to do with ration-cards—on character. Smart chiselers will be able to figure out a way to beat even this system; they are working for the Axis.

TAXES: The new tax bill, which must produce nearly six *billions* more out of the pockets of John American for the war, is not finally in shape as we go to press. John is still torn by rumors that he may pay regularly out of his salary, that he will have to put up anything from ten to twenty-five per cent of that salary to jettison Japan, etc., etc.

As nearly as we can gather, from the best sources we have, the increase will run to five per cent of our salaries, not to ten per cent. But keep in mind that this is the *immediate* increase. The insiders around Washington are saying that it is possible that Hitler may be crushed next year; crushing the Japanese threat will take at least until 1944, maybe until 1945. Five per cent this year will not finance that.

So tighten your money-belt, America. And remember: giving gold is cheaper than giving blood, as Europe has been giving it for a long, long time.

SHIPS: Whatever easy optimism we may have had over the likelihood of a quick solution of the submarine menace has been dispelled by reports of thirteen ships sunk in the Caribbean in two weeks, and by the too-steady reporting of merchant ships sunk off the American East Coast. Navy men are "on the

spot" with critics who are asking why it is that they have not solved the problem.

It is easier to demand a solution than to provide one, but there are announcements coming through which indicate that radical changes are taking place in naval methods. The Navy is now convoying merchantmen along the Coast from Florida to New England. Civilian flyers are on patrol; blackouts and dimouts of Coast towns and cities increase, and it becomes harder and harder to get anywhere near the docks along the water front.

There is a growing agitation for the use of smaller (forty-foot and shorter) boats in fighting the submarine. England, in far rougher waters than we have, has used improvised civilian pleasure boats to hunt down the sub with good results. It would seem better to lose large numbers of these smaller craft than to lose old-age destroyers or pre-war submarine chasers of greater tonnage. Watch for a new kind of small-boat warfare in the Atlantic.

Radical changes are also reported under way from the West Coast waters. The Japanese in the Aleutians are favorably situated to develop submarine bases from which to shell Oregon and California, and also to harass shipping en route to Siberia and Russia. That is possible; it is not, considering Japan's pressing business elsewhere, immediately probable. The West Coast, jittery as it may be, is not faced with the crisis that we have on the East Coast. The development of a second front in Europe depends upon clearing the Atlantic water-lanes to get the convoys through. That front, when it comes, must have the most tremendous concentration of men and supplies that the world has ever seen. Since Midway, the Pacific situation is not considered critical or serious; the Battle for the Atlantic is both critical and serious. It must be won if the war is to be won.

ABROAD

LIBYA: The rout of the British Eighth Army in Libya gave the whole Allied world a bad case of the jitters. With the Germans under the amazingly competent Rommel deep in Egypt, the dark-days of the war have come to London and Washington.

The seriousness of this rout cannot be laughed off. If Rommel gets Cairo, he may strike the spark that will set off the powder-box of Islam. If he crashes on through and gets the Persian Gulf, he will have taken the richest oil fields on the globe. The loss of those fields would probably mean the loss of India and the Aden area, and it would put the Germans in a fine position to outflank the

Russians and get the Caucasus—without which Russia would be desperate.

The German objectives here are oil, the cotton of Egypt, the food stocks of the Levant. Politically, they look forward to the recruiting of the Moslem world as an ally. But as we write, they are not yet in sight of any of those objectives. The Eighth Army, or what is left of it after Libya, is still intact. They may have their backs to the wall, but the Britisher fights best when he is in that position. There is no evidence that his morale is cracking. The Eighth Army must be wiped out, and that is quite a job, even for a Rommel.

Certainly the fall of Tobruk was a blow; but it was not necessarily a fatal blow. To compare it with the loss of Singapore is to think wildly. Tobruk will be for the Axis a small but useful harbor, a not-too-secure base for Axis supplies. The only advantage for the British in holding it would have been the advantage of gaining time, and that conceivably can be gained by a stand deeper in Egypt, if and when.

Two battles will develop here. One will be a fierce struggle in the air with American planes taking part, over the desert. This will follow the general patterns of desert warfare, and the British, closer to their supplies, will be in a better position for it than Rommel, whose supply lines, as he forges ahead, will be longer and longer. The other battle will also be in the air, but it will take place over the sea. The RAF and the Americans will have to strafe enemy ships and convoys, and protect their own—a terrific job. Land-based German fighters are set for their end of this battle; the Allied flyers must fight them off before it can do anything else. It is perhaps the largest air-order of the war, but the airmen think they can do it. Only time will tell.

As we go to press the situation looks better.

MALTA: Most bombed spot in the world is Malta. If you've been wondering how any island could stand up under the bombing of hundreds of planes all around the clock every day, remember this: Malta is rock. Solid rock, with caves hacked out underneath which supply not only perfect shelters from the raids, but schoolrooms and chapels as well. The whole population goes underground, pausing only long enough to shake its community fist at the bombers overhead.

Malta may fall. Don't be surprised if it does; after all, humanity can stand just so much. But even were Malta to go down tomorrow, she would still be secure in the annals of history: Malta is now in a class with Thermopylae and Troy. She is the bravest little island in the world.

AUSTRALIA: All quiet on the Australian front, and we're glad of it, for it

gave space on the front page to a little item the whole world ought to read. It comes from a man named MacArthur, who has won something of a name for himself as a soldier in the past few months.

It seems that our National Father's Day Committee named General MacArthur as America's Leading Father for 1942. To which the General replied:

"Nothing has touched me more deeply than the act of the National Father's Day Committee. By profession I am a soldier and I take pride in that fact, but I am prouder, infinitely prouder, to be a father. A soldier destroys in order to build; the father only builds, never destroys. The one has the potentialities of death; the other embodies creation and life. And, while the hordes of death are mighty, the hordes of life are mightier still.

"It is my hope that my son, when I am gone, will remember me, not from the battle, but in the home, repeating with him our simple daily prayer, 'Our Father Who art in heaven . . .'"

There walks a man!

SIBERIA: Like the outspread fingers on your hand run the railroads of Manchukuo, reaching for the Russian border. Concentrated around the railway terminals, ready to move in a hurry, are some of the finest troops in Japan.

A few weeks ago, Japan moved into the Aleutians—perhaps to cut communications between Russia and the U. S., preparatory to an attack on Siberia.

Japan must make up her mind about Siberia, soon. If Germany goes down before the Allies, then Japan is left alone in a cold, cold world. If she could strike at Russia and put Russia out of the war, then she is safe, at least for the time being. That may be exactly why Japan moved toward Alaska, and why she built all those railroads in Manchukuo.

But . . . Russia hasn't been asleep while Japan has been building. Subterranean airdromes run miles, miles back from Vladivostok; the planes hidden there are within easy flying distance of Alaska—and Tokyo! The trans-Siberian railroad is now double-tracked, and not to carry civilian passengers. On the Siberian side of the border, forts frown on high hills; they are as well constructed as Corregidor—and they are within easy artillery range of those railroads that come up on the Manchurian side!

Japan may move into Siberia. She will think twice, before she does.

INDIA: If there lives a man who has figured out Mahatma Gandhi, he isn't talking. The Great-souled One is rather unpredictable; those who have read Nehru's autobiography know that even those closest to him could never quite say, "He will surely do this . . ." Gandhi is a mental chameleon.

So when he threatens to launch against British rule in India a "movement which



HOMER RODEHEAVER HONORED—SEE ACCOUNT ON THIS PAGE

will be felt by the whole world," take it with a tumbler full of salt. For a few days later, Gandhi is reported to have said outright that India could not afford to allow the Japanese to run roughshod over the land. The two statements hardly jibe.

A civil disobedience program led by Gandhi would bring paralysis and catastrophe to India. He does not want that. Little as he loves the British, he loves the Japanese a lot less. Gandhi is no fool; he will not leap from the frying pan into the fire.

The British, on their side, cannot afford to let Gandhi hand over India to her foes. They will make no free gift of the country to the Axis; they will fight for it. And they will fight knowing that two shortsighted British policies have brought this crisis to India: the policy of an iron hand over Indian industry, and that of "don't-let-them-have-too-big-an-army-of-their-own." In a desperate spot now, India looks with sad eyes toward neighbor China, which had *both* native industry and her own army!

CHURCH NEWS

RODEHEAVER HONORED—Homer Rodeheaver, internationally known singing evangelist and formerly Billy Sunday's famed song leader, was recently granted an honorary degree at Bob Jones College, Cleveland, Tennessee. Reading from left to right in the photograph on this page are Dr. Bob Jones, founder of the College; Dr. E. A. Ironside, Pastor of Moody Memorial Church, Chicago; Dr. Will H. Houghton, President of Moody Bible Institute, Chicago; Dr. Zeamer, Toledo, Ohio; Dr. Homer Rodeheaver; and Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., President of the Tennessee Institution. Bob Jones, Senior and Junior are members of a famous evangelical family.

Bob Jones College was founded to demonstrate that old-time evangelical

orthodoxy can be blended with the highest type of culture in an institution in a manner that will appeal to American youth. "Students come to this school because they know that Bob Jones College is noted for the thoroughness of its scholastic work," states Dr. Bob Jones, Jr., the thirty-year-old son of the founder, who has been acting president of the institution since he was twenty-three years old; "and they also know they can get piano, pipe organ, violin, voice, speech and art without additional cost above the very low tuition. They know, too, that they can get these things in the fervent Christian atmosphere of an institution that stands without apology for the absolute authority of the Bible and for the simple fundamentals of the Christian faith."

INTERNEES: The West Coast knows its Japanese. Therefore it is worth more than a casual glance when we read in the press that: the Seattle Council of Churches asks full restoration of American citizenship of Japanese at assembly centres and no further restrictions until military necessity demands it; the Tacoma Council of Churches calls for the release of American citizens of foreign birth who have been interned; the Church Federation of Los Angeles deplores the withdrawal of citizenship status from the internees; the Methodist Federation of Social Service regrets "the removal of Japanese-Americans from West Coast cities" and questions the wisdom of the action and asks the repeal of the Oriental Exclusion Act.

We repeat—the West Coast should know. From where we live on the East Coast, with ships going down every day almost within sight of shore, it seems dangerous to allow anyone who could possibly be an *enemy* alien live close to either Coast. But thousands of these Japanese are *not* enemy aliens; they are innocents who suffer in the madness that is upon us all.

It is a tough nut for the West Coast to crack—and we are content to let them

crack it. Only one right must be safeguarded: as Christians we must do nothing that will give the lie to our conviction that this is war for the freedom of *all* peoples. That includes Japanese who have become American citizens, on our own soil.

PRAYER: For the first time in the history of this country, an Orthodox rabbi has delivered the invocation from the rostrum of the House of Representatives. He was Rabbi Bergman of New York, who prayed on June 2 in these words:

"Almighty God, Father of the Universe!

"We beseech Thee, bless our Chief Executive and prosper the enterprises of of the august members of this assembly, the chosen representatives of the great American people, gathered here in solemn deliberation in this supreme moment of their nation's need. Merciful God, grant them light and guidance in this perilous hour of humanity's agony. Grant them wisdom and foresight to navigate the ship of state amidst the sundry obstructions and obstacles besetting our course, and guard them against those who seek to paralyze the arms of the brave defenders of our liberties who are now engaged in Thy forces, even as they are waging humanity's struggle on the battlefields of many continents and distant lands. We beseech Thee, O Lord, look down from Thy throne of mercy upon Thy children of this liberty-loving nation. . . . Grant us, O Lord, Thy blessing, so that 'the earth shall be filled again with the knowledge of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.' Amen."

We call that a good prayer.

CONFERENCES: There will be fewer church conferences and meetings next year. You can thank gas and tire rationing for that. We think it a good move.

Churchmen are strong for conferences. A lot of them are necessary; we can imagine that the Northern Baptist Convention, for instance, would be hard put to it to get its business done without that one great gathering every year. But there are other churches that waste too much precious money and time on conferences that produce absolutely nothing. These should be suspended for the duration, at least.

Some gatherings are vital. They should not be suspended.

HERE AND THERE: Under new regulations, ministers can become chaplains if they are between the ages of twenty-four and fifty, with two years' ministerial experience. . . . Ohio Methodists have established a million-dollar pension fund. . . . Movement is under way to unify all war relief appeals, thank heaven! . . . Bibles in Britain may go on rations list; many presses have been bombed.

TEMPERANCE

QUESTIONED: A letter reaches our desk questioning a statement in the June News, under Temperance: none less than a U. S. Senator doubts our accuracy in saying that 135,531,373 pounds of sugar and syrups were consumed, etc., etc. A puzzled reader calls for sources, and wants to know what we can believe.

You can believe that item, good reader. Source is the National W. C. T. U. Bulletin for April 6. (WCTU Headquarters are 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill.) The source reads: "It may also be interesting to the nation's housewives, now facing strict rationing of sugar, to know that 135,531,373 pounds of sugar and syrups were consumed in making beer for 1941's drinkers."

Come again, Senator!

RED CROSS: An irate friend of ye editor protested furiously the other morning, on the way to work, that the Red Cross was about to serve liquor in its service clubs; as a matter of fact, it was being whispered, you could already get liquor.

We didn't believe it. Now we know it isn't so. Says Chairman Norman H. Davis of the Red Cross: "The Red Cross is not dispensing and is not planning to dispense beer to members of the armed forces."

INCREASE: The efforts of the liquor trade to lure new drinkers is showing great results—for the liquor traffic. An average of sixty-five quarts of alcoholic beverages for every man, woman and child in the U. S. is being consumed annually—an average of $1\frac{1}{4}$ quarts per person per week.

This is an increase of 17.7 per cent over the 1940-41 total. It represents a nice profit—and a new crop of drinkers recruited from the younger generation. But that's all right. Let the war go as it will; let new millions of youth become tipplers; let anything happen—but don't, whatever you do, be so un-American as to interfere with that liquor traffic!

CANADA: Canada, which was said by the wets to have "a great system" of booze control, is evidently having her troubles with the great system. The Montreal-Ottawa Conference of the United Church of Canada has passed a resolution asking for Federal control of the liquor traffic; the Conference is "fed up" with Provincial (State) control.

And Cardinal Rodrigue Villeneuve, Archbishop of Quebec, speaking for a Church that has not led in the temperance movement, says this: "We consider it our pressing duty to urge the public and military authorities to use all the means in their power to curb these (drinking) abuses."



Hello today!

WHAT's the best day you ever knew? A morning in spring when you were just six years old? The day you graduated? The first time you knew she loved you? When you bought your first car?

No! It's today!

It's today, for young America, because—in spite of war—schools are better, homes are more comfortable and healthful, and the future holds more opportunity than ever before.

It's today, for grown men and women, because they're working and fighting for something worth while. They're learning again the real resources of America and the true strength of American manhood and womanhood.

They're finding that American industry which created things like the electric refrigerator, the radio, the automobile—and made these available to almost a whole people—can become a great weapon to defend the principles which have made America strong and free. They're discovering that the American standard of living has not made them soft, as less fortun-

nate nations have sometimes sneeringly contended, but has given them added reserves of strength and knowledge and skill for a time of crisis.

There's only one day better than today.

It's tomorrow!

Because tomorrow we shall have established the principles for which we are fighting today. Because tomorrow we shall have new materials like plastics, new developments like television, new sciences like electronics to work with. Because tomorrow we shall return with new vigor and new vision to the task of making tomorrow better than today. General Electric, Schenectady, N. Y.

★ ★ ★

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we cannot tell you about it now. When it can be told we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of industrial progress.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

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AUGUST 1942



CHAPLAINS COURAGEOUS

IN DECEMBER, 1941, immediately after Pearl Harbor, a young clergyman said to an older minister who had served in France during the first world war, "I am going in—I can't stay out. But I wish that I could get in right and face it as other men of my age must." The veteran smiled and said, "You are not thinking of the added risk in the chaplaincy, are you?" "Added risk," exclaimed the younger man. "What do you mean by that?" "I mean just that," was the answer. "You have a better chance to be wounded and killed in the chaplaincy than in any other branch of the service.* The chaplain goes where his men go but he doesn't always come back, at the first recall. He stays with the wounded or goes out to them. He may have charge of stretcher patrols. His job is where the need is and to the last man. There is a difference, of course—the chaplain is not armed."

Here is the casualty record for chaplains in World War I. Five killed in action. Six died of wounds. Twenty-seven others wounded in action. Before Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, twelve more died of disease induced by war experiences and several more died from like causes after the Armistice. The mortality rate of Catholics was one out of one hundred and eighteen, and for Protestants one out of ninety-six. As decorations for bravery under fire or for distinguished service beyond the line of ordinary duty, twenty-seven received the DSC. Five, the DSM. Fifty-seven were decorated by the United States Government and eight by foreign powers.†

My friend Malcolm S. Dunker was the first American Chaplain to be killed in France. He was severely gassed on June 6, 1918, while heroically aiding wounded soldiers. He died two days later. Posthumously he was awarded the Croix-de-guerre with gilt star. Chaplain William F. Davitt was the last to be killed in World War I—on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918, at 9:25 in the morning. He had heard of the signing of the Armistice and hurrying to his Colonel he presented a set of national colors. After the presentation, stepping into the yard surrounding headquarters, he fell with a shell fragment piercing his heart. He was awarded the Croix-de-

guerre with citations. It is a striking coincidence that the two chaplains, the first and last to die in France are together in the alphabetical order of all those who fell in action overseas. The average age of chaplains in World War I was thirty-six years, nine months, sixteen days.

And what of this war—World War II? At Pearl Harbor on December 7, three chaplains were killed, one Catholic and two Protestants. Of twenty-two decorations bestowed for courage during the campaign on Bataan, six were awarded to chaplains!

The young clergyman referred to at the opening of this editorial is now a chaplain in the Army of the United States.

MUST WE HATE TO WIN?

"LOVE your enemies; do good to them which hate you." Does Jesus Christ mean that today?

In a letter written by a young graduate student in the University of West Virginia are these words: "This love is not the soft thing that we have thought. It is different. It is hard. It is sacrificial. It dies, and may even become responsible for bringing physical death—but it does not fail."

Would we do good to those who hate us if without resistance we surrendered freedom, or if we consented to the destruction of democracy, or if we allowed that which is infinitely more precious than physical existence to be destroyed while we remained alive and untouched? Realistically would we love those who are now, in the military sense, our enemies, if we gave the world order of the dictators an unhindered entrance into the lives of unborn generations? Ours is a world grown small. Oceans no longer divide—they unite. The Scripture is fulfilled; we are "one of another," and here we have no choice. But it is for us to choose whether we shall be hopefully or hopelessly one of another: whether we shall preserve freedom and democracy for ourselves and in so doing win their priceless blessing for enemies as well as allies: for foes as well as friend.

As to hate itself, we must as Christians hate the evil only. Surely we must hate slavery, but even here love is more powerful. Hate is negative; love is positive. And the positive is greater than the negative. To love freedom is more potent than to hate slavery. It was not hate of England at last that led Washington and his ragged colonials out of the

(Continued on page 61)

*Time, in the issue of November 17, 1941.

†These figures are from the United States Daily, January 15, 1930.



Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF



CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR *Goes to Camp*



© Press Association

By FRANK S. MEAD

you can hear him moan, "O Thou Gentle Christ, in this madness give me strength—and peace."

That was 1917—a quarter of a century ago. A lot of water has gone over the dam since then, and now we

their hearts, "O Thou Gentle Christ, give us strength—and peace."

Can you hear that cry in our night? It is louder than the thunder of the guns. It holds more challenge for the Church of Christ than any battle slogan or war cry. For there are two points permanent right now, in every Christian mind, two things we must have whatever happens. One is that these boys must not lose sight of Christ in the camp, and the other is that they must not come back cynical and Christless to build a cynical and Christless world when the awful business is over.

"No matter when or how completely we win a military victory, the salvation of the world is not assured." Chief of Chaplains William R. Arnold speaking—and he knows whereof he speaks.

Now in 1917, the men in the camps had big odds stacked against them when they tried to stay Christian. Many a boy came to camp a fine strong Christian and went home a moral and spiritual

OVER my desk hangs a picture from Paris, a picture so poignant and pitiful that I scarcely dare look at it. Here is a French poilu of 1917, loaded down with the gear of battle: knapsack, gas mask, trench shovel, bayonet. He is down on his knees, his arms wrapped tightly about the base of a statue of Christ, in a dim corner of ruined Rheims Cathedral. He is the perfect picture of the despair and the broken-heartedness that gripped us all in '17: you cannot see his face but

find ourselves trapped in a global war which makes his war look like the skirmish at Bull Run. Whole nations lie crushed, whole peoples enslaved. Truth seems on the scaffold and error on the throne and three million American boys are training in Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Three million who across that quarter-century learned to loathe war and love peace; three million who did not start it and did not want it; three million who, like the poilu of '17, are saying with their lips or deep within

wreck. Some of us can still remember the efforts they made to fight that; we can still hear the whispered prayers at night in barracks, after taps. Some of us can remember the men who walked miles from the post to find a church to worship in. The chaplains, God bless them, did their best, but they were cruelly overworked: no one man can ever take care of the spiritual hunger of a regiment. The Y did yeoman service, but the Y had writing-paper and ink and letters home to think about, and all that took precious time. Evangelism had to wait; too often it died waiting.

The Roman Catholic boys in camp were well enough provided for; they had their of K. of C. and Holy Name Society. The Protestant boys had nothing like that. They were starved for the companionship of kindred spiritual minds. Y secretary and chaplain did their best, but . . .

That must not happen again. If Christian Endeavor does what it is planning to do in the service camps, it will not happen. The announcement of this plan by Christian Endeavor is as worthy of prayers and cheers as was the news from the Coral Sea.

What Christian Endeavor is up to is to put a Unit in every post, camp and naval base and on every ship in the U. S. Navy. That will give the boys what we didn't have in 1917: an all-inclusive, representative Protestant organization that will provide the spiritual unity so vital to morale and faith. It is the most arresting effort the Church has made since World War II began.

Take a good look at Christian Endeavor. If ever a Christian organization stepped up to meet a challenge strong and well-equipped, it is this organization. Christian Endeavor is interdenominational. Within its ranks are the members of every Protestant Evangelical denomination in the country. It emphasizes those great common tenets of the faith which cut clear across the lines of sect and separate church. It comes to the task with an experience in this particular field of more than thirty-five years; there were units of "Floating Endeavor" in the U. S. Navy and merchant fleet as early as the early '90's; there were units in the Philippines in the Spanish-American War.

Christian Endeavor is *international* in a sense that no other such group has ever been international; for more than half a century it has been a ministering agency among young people *around the world*. Literally, around the world. There are national units in more than fifty countries and island groups: When the American soldier reaches Australia, he will find an Australian organization "running in high gear" and ready to welcome him; Australia has 100,000 Endeavorers out of a population of six million. If he goes to China, he finds Christian Endeavor with 60,000 members in 1200 groups; if he goes to Burma, he



© Wide World

WHEN THE AMERICAN SOLDIER GOES TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD, HE WILL FIND CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TO WELCOME HIM

finds Christian Endeavor the length and breadth of the land; if he fights in India, he finds this society from Calcutta to Lahore. When war broke out there was a working organization in every nation in Europe save Denmark. If he goes anywhere in the United Kingdom—anywhere where the AEF is likely to go—he finds Christian Endeavor waiting with a "Welcome" on the mat.

Even if he never leaves these shores, he still enjoys that fellowship. If Christian Endeavor can put a unit on every military post in the United States, it will mean something to the chaplains. Pity that chaplain; he just about gets to know a boy, just about begins to "get under his skin," spiritually, when the boy is shifted to another camp before anyone can say "MacArthur." Shifts come fast, in the service. Think what it would mean to the chaplain to have such a

unit waiting for that soldier, *wherever* he went!

As we go to press, there are 103 units already working in the service camps and on the ships of the Yankee fleet. There are three units at Fort Belvoir, twelve in one California camp!

But—what is all this organization for? Just what does Christian Endeavor offer through it?

It offers a clear call to the Christian life; it calls for the adoption of Christian principles and it offers the spiritual benefits of Christian worship. It offers a militant evangelism and a religious culture and a helping hand to the chaplain and the man.

Membership in the military unit is voluntary, and of two grades: Active, and Associate. It is open to men of any creed or denominational connection; it is based on two forms of covenant as broad

as the brotherhood of Jesus Christ. The Active Member covenants that:

1. I will make prayer and Bible study a rule of my life.
2. I will attend and take part in the meetings and other activities of this Unit as I can, without neglecting my service duties.
3. I will endeavor to support the work of my home church as an absent member in his country's service.
4. I will make clean speech the rule of my life, and I will strive to keep myself physically strong and morally fit.
5. I will do all within my power to assist in the religious and moral work of the Unit and of the military organiza-

tion, and declare my willingness to assist as far as possible in advancing the interests of the Unit, and to consider carefully the commitments of active membership."

The unit offers group meetings with carefully prepared programs, forums and discussion-groups; it will emphasize private devotions, good habits, clean speech and living, wholesome reading, regular correspondence, helpfulness, witnessing, soul-saving and general practice of the Christian life.

Literature is already flowing into the camps. "For Victorious Living," a volume of talks made by Chaplain Alva J. Brasted (ex chief of Chaplains, U. S. A.,

red-headed top sergeant with a New Testament in his hand came up to a chap named Dan Poling and blurted out, "Can you tell me how to read this?" A silly question? Maybe—but those who have asked that question are legion. Most beginners start reading the New Testament at the first verse of Matthew—and they run headlong into the most bewildering and uninteresting chapter in the whole Bible; it is genealogy, purely; these are the "begats," and if there be drearier reading in The Book, it is hard to find. The uninitiated stop there, and never get on to the great deep sparkling truths which lie beyond.

Out of the sergeant's question came this Guide for the troops of '42. It answers his question: It provides a series of great Scriptural passages arranged so that they are easily found and read. It gives the soldiers prayers to pray, and it tells him how to pray. It makes the Bible not a dismaying series of "begats" but a personal adventure in faith. He may read it alone or with his group; he may have his "Quiet Hour" in his bunk or hammock, or even on the march.

You think it improbable that a man in camp or on the march could have a Quiet Hour? That is not so improbable as it seems. On Bataan, during the days of the fighting, there was a young Lieutenant of the 4th Marines who as a Christian Endeavor leader took his faith with him into battle. Every morning, very early in the morning, first at Bataan and later on Corregidor, he invited the men of his command to join him for a quiet moment or two with The Book and God before the day's horror began. God—in the roar of Bataan!

There is something amazing in a performance like that, happening as it did in such a spot; there is food for thought in the idea that if it could happen on Bataan among men in their situation, it could happen among the men in the armed forces *everywhere*. It *must* happen. Whatever else they bring out of the shambles, the men who are winning this war must not bring out of it the depressing conviction that the Church of Jesus Christ deserted them just at the moment that they needed that Church most.

What fascinates most of us about this thing is the tremendous influence it will have on the Church and the world when the fighting is done. Only a fool will say that the Church is done; its continuance is guaranteed even if every civilian in the world deserts it; the men who fight and win will bring it back out of the war, in the Church that through Christian Endeavor went with them. And put this down in your notebook, and keep it handy to study: when Hitler came there were 67,000 Christian Endeavorers in Germany; there was one of the finest of these Societies in the world in Japan; Christian Endeavor is organized and working throughout the Waldensian Church in Italy. At the heart of the Axis lies this poten- (Continued on page 48)

YOU MAY HAVE A PART!

ALL materials and literature described in Mr. Mead's article are furnished without charge to men in the service. The young people themselves are raising funds in a unique campaign. Foundations, churches and individuals may contribute larger amounts. Special editions of the books and booklets may carry the name of their donors, as—"This edition is given by the First Presbyterian Church of _____", or "This book is one of an edition contributed by (name) in memory of (name)", etc. etc. A Baptist church in Pennsylvania and a Presbyterian church in New York have each given \$1,000.00 for such editions. Another agency has contributed \$5,000.00. Many smaller gifts have been received. Hundreds of thousands of these materials will be required. *Christian Herald* will be glad to receive and forward your gifts large or small. No gift is too small.

tion to which I belong.

6. I will strive to make my life an open witness of what I profess.

7. I will endeavor to bring others to Christ, and with good judgment to use my talents that the Kingdom of God shall be advanced throughout our armed forces wherever the flag shall go. God helping me, these things I will do and be.

The Associate member promises that "As an associate member, I promise to attend the meetings of the Unit faith-

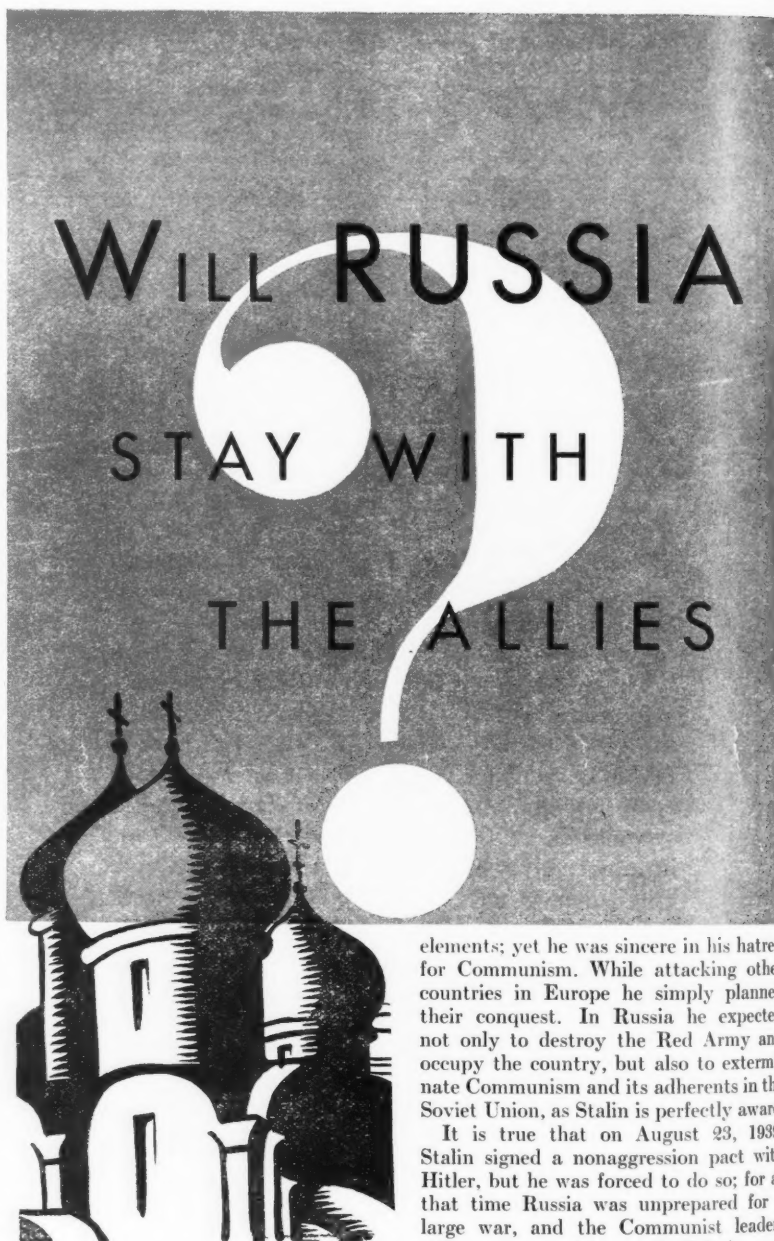
fully, and declare my willingness to assist in the Army), is being circulated in a gift edition. "Service Men's Pages" in *The Christian Endeavor World* include discussion material, news, methods, pictures and inspirational messages. Then there are two booklets. One is for the chaplain, offering help in organization of Units, programs, and materials for Unit activities. The other is for the men: "Guide for Christian Living." There is a story behind that Guide. On the Toul sector of the AEF in 1918, a

Our after-the-war relationship with
his native country is ably presented by

Alexander Stacey

WHEN on June 22, 1941, Hitler attacked Russia, official circles in Washington and in London began to think of what should be done after the defeat of the Russians. The *Blitzkrieg* which had been so successfully employed in other countries, now under German control, was expected to do the same trick in Russia. Distinguished authors and commentators, who a month before explained the concentration of troops on the German-Russian frontier as a feint to mask a new blow at Britain, now were calculating how much time it would take for Hitler to crush the Red Army. Some even believed that in three months Stalin would become a figurehead like Marshal Pétain, and that the Moscow Kremlin would be the seat of the second Vichy Government. Well, nothing of the kind has happened, yet it is only human to try to look into the future, for man is incurably curious, and today he cannot help speculating about the outcome of the present World War or about the position in which one country or another may find herself next year or next month. Many prophecies of the past three years failed to materialize, and expectations which seemed to be so convincing and logical were not fulfilled, proving that the task of the news analyst is tremendously difficult; for where the human factor is involved, no prediction can be infallible. This is especially true of Russia, which has been always regarded as an enigma and which is headed by the taciturn Stalin, deservedly called the "unpredictable Georgian." On the other hand, since the Pearl Harbor disaster the world situation becomes more and more complicated, and again the searching mind of the American reader tries to peep behind the curtain of time and anxiously asks, "What is next? Will Russia remain with the Allies, or will she desert them? What is Stalin's attitude toward the democracies with which he is now in alliance?"

First of all, one thing is certain. Stalin, like his Allies, sincerely wants to eliminate Hitlerism, which from the very beginning has been a bitter enemy of the Soviet Union. It is well known that Italian Fascism, of which Hitlerism is a German sister, came into existence as a reaction against the activities of Russian and Italian Communists. These two ideologies, Fascism and Communism, are irreconcilable, and Hitler has never ceased the persecution of the followers of Marx and Lenin in the Reich. Even in



the days of his ill-fated political friendship with Stalin, the Gestapo continued arresting and imprisoning the Russian Communists and their German sympathizers. When Hitler announced his "Crusade against the Comintern" (the International Communist Party), his main purpose was to arouse the sympathies and support of all anti-Bolshevist

elements; yet he was sincere in his hatred for Communism. While attacking other countries in Europe he simply planned their conquest. In Russia he expected not only to destroy the Red Army and occupy the country, but also to exterminate Communism and its adherents in the Soviet Union, as Stalin is perfectly aware.

It is true that on August 23, 1939, Stalin signed a nonaggression pact with Hitler, but he was forced to do so; for at that time Russia was unprepared for a large war, and the Communist leaders still were suspicious of Britain and France, believing that they were trying "to use the Soviets as a catspaw to plunge Russia into war with Germany." On the other hand, the position of the United States was uncertain; the influence of the American isolationists could easily be overestimated in Russia and interpreted to the effect that America would not send her army to Europe.

Today, however, the situation is different. One year and ten months of the pact with Germany, when all Russian munition factories were working day and night, enabled Stalin to build a surprisingly strong war machine, with millions of trained soldiers. The relations with Britain, based on their present pact, not only assure the mutual support of the two countries in the war against Hitler but also pledge that neither country would make a separate peace with him. Moreover, the United States, with her wealth, her rapidly growing war production, and increasing military forces, is now in the same camp with Russia.

It should be noted that Stalin's whole previous policy proves that he never wanted any war, especially one on a large scale such as his present war with Germany. He is not an apostle of World Peace, as some of his American sympathizers try to picture him. He is simply a practical man in whose calculations peace was to play an important part. Since 1928, when the First Five Year Plan was adopted, his main goal for Russia was fourfold: the reconstruction of the country so devastated during the Civil War, the organization of agriculture on a large scale collectivization, the development of the immense natural resources of Russia and of her industries, and the building of an efficient system of transportation. This gigantic task would have required decades of strenuous work and enormous effort, and Stalin, fifty years old at the beginning of the Collectivization campaign, perfectly realized that he himself would not live long enough to see his task completed. What he wanted for the Soviet Union was security, and security was the main feature of his foreign policy during the past fifteen years. For that reason he never could be reconciled to the Brest-Litovsk Treaty forced upon Russia in 1918, for, like the Russian Tsars before him, he knew that without the Baltic States, Finland, and Bessarabia the strategic position of Russia was vulnerable. We know what happened to these countries in 1939 and 1940, and no matter what verdict future historians may pronounce against him, for Stalin the partial occupation of Finland and the complete subordination of the other countries was dictated by his struggle for security.

I doubt whether Hitler was right in saying that his invasion of Russia was caused by Stalin's plan to attack Germany; I rather believe that such a plan never existed. The fact, however, remains

that what Stalin feared has happened. Russia has been involved in a war which not only has upset all his plans and already destroyed many of his achievements, but also devoured millions of Russian lives.

The brave Russian soldier, stubborn and resolute as he is, has inflicted heavy losses upon the invader, and at the same time he fights the battle of the Allies. The Russian winter campaign has deprived Hitler of the "invincibility legend" of his armies. The Red soldier has proved that he is not inferior to his German opponent, and that he certainly is superior to him in hand-to-hand fighting; but whatever may be said about his "immunity" to cold, the Red soldier is a human being, and forty degrees below zero is no milder for him than for the enemy.

Time

**How inexorable is Time! One can but marvel
Nor war, nor peace has any power to stay
This unseen force in its unhurried going
Upon its certain and predestined way.
Marked off by seasons: summer, fall and winter,
And spring, whose beauty catches at the breath,
Time, quite unmindful of man's pain and sorrow,
Goes undeterred by birth or life or death.**

**No rapture stops it for a shaken moment;
No passion stays its course across the air,
But hour by hour with a calm precision,
It takes its way, and none knows how or where.
But as the trysting river meets the sea
Time's eager feet must seek Eternity.**

Grace Noll Crowell

Perhaps, this is one of the reasons why the territory recaptured by the Russians during the winter is comparatively small.

The German war machinery, however, is still enormously strong, and it still has great resources of man power which may be drawn from the conquered European nations. Because Russian military leaders do not underestimate their opponent, Soviet official papers recently again raised the question of the necessity for the Allies to open a new front in Norway or elsewhere in Europe. On the other hand, without the supplies of the Allies, in spite of her enormous man power, Russia may be forced to limit her operations to guerrilla warfare. Modern war requires an unprecedented amount of ammunition, and the Red Army at the present tempo of war needs more tanks, airplanes, and other matériel than she herself can produce. The loss of the fertile Ukraine put Russia in a tragic situation, and the country which was rightly regarded as

the granary of Europe is now forced to ask the United States for food.

The Allies do everything in their power to maintain the unbroken line of supplies to Russia, and Stalin knows that his Allies will not betray him. He is not blind to the fact that neither Britain nor the United States agrees with his Communism, as he disagrees with their Capitalism; but they have a common enemy which must be destroyed as soon as possible. Stalin realizes that under present conditions the annihilation of Hitlerism may be achieved only through the concerted effort of three great countries now in alliance. And when he assures us that he will continue fighting as long as the last German remains on Russian soil, he means it.

But what about the Russian Army?

Will it not lose its enthusiasm in the face of stiff German resistance? Will Stalin be able to carry out the campaign to a victorious end? Kerensky failed to do so during World War I. We remember how one regiment after another deserted the front almost immediately after his announced decision to lead the army to final victory. The situation in 1917, however, was very different. First of all, the army was in the process of disintegration because of Bolshevik propaganda; military discipline had already been broken, and Kerensky, a stranger-civilian in a military uniform was ridiculed even by his generals. Furthermore, he was unable to kindle the fighting spirit of soldiers who could hardly understand his brilliant speeches which the intelligentsia admired. Perhaps for the first time in his life, Kerensky, the successful lawyer, lost a case.

On the other hand, the Russian soldier had no incentive to fight. His heart and his mind were in his native village, where some had already acquired possession of land which for centuries had belonged to the *pomeschiks* (landlords). In 1917 a whole regiment on its way back from the front stayed a few days near the city of Piatigorsk where I was living at that time. I had a chance to talk with scores of soldiers, whose condemnation of the war was unanimous. They had no other name for Kerensky but *shtafirka* (a slang word denoting a comical figure of a civilian in military uniform).

"We do not need Germany," they used to say. "We have enough of our own land; let *shtafirka* fight alone."

It is true that they represented a demoralized army, but they voiced the general opinion of the Russian peasant who

(Continued on page 52)

Bridge of Songs



Yale Glee Club at the foot of the memorial statue to San Martin, the great Liberator, near Mendoza, Argentina

By
Fairfax Downey

THE streets of a South American city rang to the cadenced tramp of feet and young voices lifted in a marching song. Señoritas fluttered out on their balconies, but nobody stopped and whipped out a guitar. This was a novel sort of serenade. These were college lads from the United States who, having given a concert to a packed opera house, were on their way back to their hotel. Far from unreceptive toward señoritas though the boys were, this time the girls must take their serenade in transit, for most of the audience was tagging along.

A throng paraded with the singers, cheering and applauding for more at each interval between songs. The Pied Piper

THIS IS THE STORY OF A BRIDGE THAT WAS WELL AND WISELY BUILT WHEN OPPORTUNITY STILL AFFORDED. OVER IT, NOW THAT THE UNITED STATES AND NATIONS OF LATIN AMERICA ARE AT WAR WITH THE AXIS, WILL PASS LITTLE OR NONE OF THE TRAFFIC FOR WHICH IT WAS DESIGNED. YET THIS BRIDGE WAS WORTH THE BUILDING. IT WAS AND CONTINUES TO BE A TIE BETWEEN THE AMERICAS TOGETHER SPIRITUALLY. AS SUCH IT WILL STAND THROUGH WAR AND ON INTO THE YEARS OF PEACE WHEN IT SHALL SERVE UNITED MORE

did no better job on the children of Hamelin Town. It made no difference that the words of "*Wake, Freshmen, Wake*" could mean little or nothing even to English-speaking citizens in the crowd. It was the spirited harmonies, the spontaneity and friendliness of it all, that enlisted this enthusiastic escort—that drew such a tribute from a music-loving and friendly land.

Shift the scene to the foothills of the Andes, to the field in Argentina where San Martin assembled his army to make his magnificent march over the mountains and liberate Chile and Peru from the

yoke of Spain. Before the statue of that great South American hero, ranking with Bolivar, gathered the same group of college singers. While Argentineans listened, they sang *Integer Vitae*, sang it in the rich four-part harmony in which it should be sung, honoring one by whom Spanish bullets were no more dreaded than were Moorish javelins by the blameless man of Horace's ode.

Those are among the incidents which prove that a bridge has been built, a bridge of songs, between North and South America. Over it—and it need be no tentative and temporary structure if it is



The Glee Club in South America—Marshall Bartholomew, conducting

strengthened and well used—can later pass a succession of students and student choruses, not only for tours but in exchange between the hemisphere's universities. Like any good span this one will accommodate two-way traffic. Other choruses from the United States would doubtless have duplicated the pioneer trip made by the Yale Glee Club in the summer of 1941, and singers in Latin American universities had been organizing to journey northward.

Songs had, of course, already gone back and forth via the radio and the sound track of motion pictures. But a song without the singer is like a gift without the giver's heart. Although the interchange of orchestras and concert artists is by no means to be discounted for its value in developing a spirit of unity through the medium of music, there is no musical tie-that-binds to compare with choral singing. Those who have no experience of it may question that statement, yet it is true. Especially when the

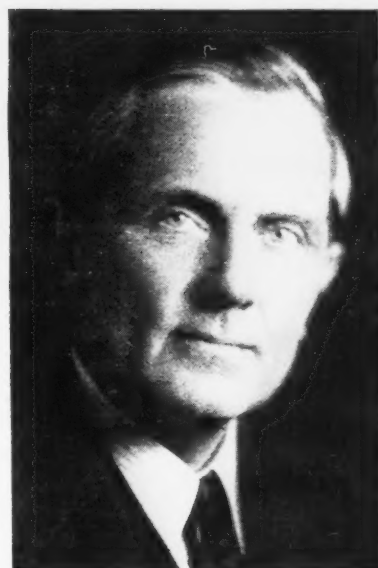
young people of a nation sing to and with those of another, then is born a fellowship, an understanding, which, though they may be interrupted, are foundations of friendship and of peace.

That was acknowledged when the Division of Cultural Relations of our State Department approved the Yale Glee Club's tour and, following reports from our diplomatic representatives in Latin America, gave unstinted praise to results achieved.

The tour and all it stood for were a part-realization of the dream, a step in the life work, of the man who organized it—Marshall Bartholomew, Yale graduate and professor, director of the Club since 1921. In the first World War, he interrupted his study of music in Berlin to become a volunteer worker in Russia's Siberian prison camps. The campaign of singing he started there helped to end an epidemic of suicides among the despairing Austrian and German prisoners of war. He was prominent in the promotion

of singing by our own troops, here and in the A.E.F., and in the encouragement of community and factory singing after the war. He became nationally known as a collector and arranger of our neglected folk songs; sea chanties, spirituals, work songs, songs of the Appalachian Mountain people. Beginning in 1928, and ending in 1939, he took the Yale Glee Club on four highly successful European tours. Student choruses from Hungary, Norway, and Finland returned those visits with equally successful tours of the United States. East and west, a bridge had been built. The tragedy of the second World War destroyed it and, for the time being, all that it promised; for the German army invaded Poland just three weeks before what was to have been the first international festival of student singing in Copenhagen, and since then all international activities in the academic world have been paralyzed.

"Barty" isn't the kind that gives up. He turned south. In 1940 he traveled through South America, blazing the trail for the trip of last summer. The expedition set sail in June, 1941. It was no good-will tour in the sense of which many Latin Americans have already had too much—that business of "telling somebody publicly that you are his friend." This was *buena voluntad* in the best



Marshall Bartholomew

sense—nonpolitical and noncommercial.

The story of that trip is a saga. Like the sagas of old it should be sung (as much of it was) rather than related in cold print. Perhaps the effect can be given if, like a Greek chorus or in this case an American one, excerpts from the boys' diaries and reminiscences are interspersed in the running account.

Aboard ship the Club was rehearsed to a fare-thee-well. No wonder; there were fifty-five part-songs to be learned by

heart, five of them in Spanish, and five in Portuguese, not to mention assorted numbers in Latin, Norwegian and Czech.

"*Sang—Sweated—Swam—Stuffed—Slept—Sang*," runs an alliterative entry in a student's diary.

But there were distractions: a group of fashion models aboard and a Brazilian girl who attended rehearsals and corrected the singers' Portuguese pronunciation.

"A cute little trick," a diary awards her the accolade. "When we muffed a word, she got mad and stamped her feet at us. But when we said good-bye to her at the end of the voyage and gave her a cheer and a big bouquet, she wept like anything."

And there were outings at stops en route. Of Barbados it is chronicled:

"British plantation owners ride around the sugar cane fields on horseback, wearing immaculate white clothes and pith helmets. And they also have beautiful blonde daughters."

Toward the end of the voyage the Club gave a concert below decks for the crew. Sea chanties had been chosen for the program, but it was the song of a lake that the sailors specially requested: *Loch Lomond*.

Head winds had made the ship late, and when she steamed into the port of Rio de Janeiro, it was already past concert time. By dispensation of President Vargas, a tender took off the Club, arrayed in white ties and tails. Buses whisked them to the splendid opera house. Half-breathless, they rushed onstage to open the concert appropriately with the sea chanty *Away to Rio*.

This was the first of three concerts in Rio. Out of the total of twenty-five in South America, most of them were "standing room only." All were greeted with enthusiasm by audiences in countries which, while possessed of an ardent love and understanding for music, were without any well-established tradition of choral singing. This was something new and appealing—these sixty young men singing part songs with trained musicianship. The performance, with every English language song translated on the printed program into Portuguese or Spanish, was not top-heavy with classical numbers and was equally free from banal college glees. Half of it consisted of folk songs, our own and those of other nations, neglected riches which the United States has only begun to discover in the past few years and which South America, with an abundant store of its own, is only beginning to unearth and appreciate. Through their folksongs nations can speak most understandingly to one another.

Present that night was H. Villa-Lobos,

the celebrated Brazilian composer, some of whose songs were on the program; also Francisco Mignone, who had composed three songs especially for the Club. Later on the tour F. Eduardo Fabini, the Montevidean composer, arranged an Uruguayan folk song and presented it to the Club. Alberto Williams, the dean of Argentine composers, heard some of his own songs sung for the first time in many years. He, like several other composers, attended all four of the concerts in his home town of Buenos Aires.

After one of these concerts the Club attended a party in its honor. We quote again from a student diary:

"Most of the señoritas spoke English

THE CALL TO COLORS

I have heard the call to colors
And 'tis willingly I go,
Though I leave dear friends behind me,
They will do their part, I know.

In the office, in the factory
Whate'er the task may be,
We all must pull together,
Win this war—we must be free!

'Tis a struggle for existence
Our survival is at stake.
To preserve our form of government,
Great sacrifice we'll make.

Give our lives or give our fortune,
Work our fingers to the bone—
A grand and glorious victory
For all these shall atone.

Whate'er the battlefield may be,
Give me the courage, God,
To fight with might for Thee and right—
Defend our hallowed sod!

—John F. Burnett
(A recent draftee)

or French, but boy! all they need to speak with is those big, dark eyes. We did the rumba and the conga and they taught us a dance called the samba in which you hop plenty. Where's all this South American languor you hear about?"

Like all good troupers, the Club eagerly awaited their first press notices. Translated, a leading Brazilian critic wrote:

"The concert ended with the Brazilian national anthem sung by the Yale Glee Club with perfect pronunciation in Portuguese, a most emotional event. . . . The North American hymn had the majesty of a Protestant choral. . . . This was an impressive musical performance, the result of long, hard preparation. Coming from a country we regard as one in which the machine and cement are supreme, our compatriots will now perhaps consider choral singing and the moral

elevation that accompanies it as a value for which there is no substitute in education. . . . The United States is not well represented by cinema and swing, but the Yale singing of *Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones* proves the existence of powers above a material level. . . . Here is the best kind of propaganda, especially to our students. In spite of Villa-Lobos' titanic efforts, we don't know how to sing. Our students choose less interesting pastimes."

All the succeeding notices were as favorable with the exception of one printed by a Nazi-dominated newspaper in Chile. That was distinctly hostile.

At another Rio concert, given for the faculty and students of the National School of Music, its principal read Walt Whitman's *Song of the Open Road* as a greeting.

The head of a Brazilian university made a special request for a few college songs, since he was anxious to develop campus songs for his own students. The Yale Glee Club obliged with selections which magnanimously included Harvard and Amherst. On went the tour to busy São Paulo, where two concerts were given for students and a third in the great opera house. These South American opera houses are symbols of the long domination of Latin America by European music and musicians, a fact equally true of the United States. From that domination the Western Hemisphere is slowly emerging into an appreciation of its own music, as testified by the North American folk songs heard in São Paulo that night for the first time. It required two world wars to break the spell of Europe's traditional rule.

During one of the São Paulo college concerts, trouble seemed imminent, caused by the sudden inroad of a throng of children from a local orphan asylum. But the children were as attentive as their elders and at the end they trooped on the stage and sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* in English! Again the North Americans heard their national anthem with the thrill it gives in a foreign land. Later a chorus of college girls gathered in the balcony sang it and added *Dixie*, also in English, for good measure.

"By that time," confesses a diarist, "I was so filled up with something my eyes were watering to beat the band. We sang back to the students, and they loved it. As we left, they kept shouting 'good-bye' to us. After we got into the bus they kept asking for our autographs. All most thrilling. We were all given Brazilian flags which we proceeded to wave on a moment's notice."

They cruised on to Uruguay, entered the harbor of Montevideo past the wreck of the *Graf Spee* and sighted a British warship, H.M.S. *Newcastle*, with whose crew the club (Continued on page 48)

THAT DECISION MADE THAT DAY ON THE SIDE-
WALK BEGAN TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE—NOW HE
HAD SOME PLACE TO GO, SOME END TO ACHIEVE

By

HOMER CROY

A SOLEMN funeral procession was moving slowly down the streets of Paris. And well it might be solemn, for it was the funeral of a man who had done much to release mankind from its sufferings. The great and mighty of Paris were there, but that was not all: peasants had come in their two-wheeled carts and had left them at the city walls and had walked to the flag-hung streets so they could see the casket pass by.

On the outskirts of the crowd, an American boy was taking a walk. The flags, the faces of the people, the muffled roll of drums, drew him to the street where the cortege was passing. When he got there he found it was not so easy; every foot of space seemed to be taken. But he managed to worm in, and now, with the procession before his eyes, he was touched by what he saw. And well he might be; it was the funeral of Louis Pasteur.

As he stood there, he made a resolve that he, himself, would try to do something for humanity. It doesn't sound important, does it, a boy fourteen years making such a resolve? But don't run too hastily to conclusions, for every high resolve made by any human being in all the world does some good, sets some path a little straighter, brings a candle into some room where there has been only blackness.

Would you like to know what happened to the boy who made that resolve? Would you like to see how one silent declaration can walk with a person all his life? How it can write itself into the very tissues of his heart?

He had been born in Brooklyn, he was attending a French school, and not doing very well, either. But the decision he had made that day on the sidewalk began to make a difference. Now he had some place to go; some end to achieve, and a very high end, too. I don't mean he thought of nothing else; not at all. He was a pretty husky young man; for instance, he was nuts about mountain climbing. Still is, for that matter.

He came back to America, and taught in Stevens Institute of Technology. One day he visited the General Electric laboratories and became absorbed in a very dull subject . . . or it would seem dull. This was why electric lamps should blacken with age. If this problem could



Do Something FOR HUMANITY



be solved, the lamps would last longer and give more light. The idea buzzed around in his mind that if he could work this out it might help people.

Time passes. The scene changes.

We are now in the great Music Hall in Stockholm, Sweden. The time is December 10, 1932. King Gustav V of Sweden is there and all sorts of bigwigs and panjandrums. The royal trumpeters send up a fanfare. A Swedish flag and an American flag are dipped and the ex-boy who had made the resolve on the sidewalk in Paris comes slowly down the steps and the king gives him the Nobel Prize for having done something triumphant in the cause of humanity. You'll probably know before now that that person was Irving Langmuir, one of the great scientists and humanitarians of our time.

That business about the electric lamps turned out to be quite important after all. He worked out a way of filling the light-bulbs with an inert gas, and that little twist of the wrist is credited with saving American consumers a million dollars a night. You might think about that tonight when you reach out to turn on the light.

But that's not all. He's on the trail of those damnable viruses that plague and beset all mankind. They're so small that

no human eye has ever seen them; so small that you could lay a million of them on an inch and still have elbow room. Well, they'd better look out. Irving Langmuir is on their trail and he means business.

Not so long ago there lived in a cross-roads town in Massachusetts a boy so poor that he had to walk to school with rags wrapped around his feet to keep his feet from the snow. And so delicate in health that the wisest doctor in the neighborhood didn't know whether he would see another spring come up from the valleys. And so hungry for books that he walked three miles to borrow a single copy. Well, this boy had the noble spirit of wanting to do something for humanity. You wouldn't expect much to come of it—from a boy so poverty-stricken, so disease-bedecked as this lad, would you? The strange thing is that you never know in what heart this high resolve is going to send down its roots.

He made a resolve to do something for humanity by doing it through its schools. That boy later became a man and that man was Horace Mann, the father of free schools in America.

He was so frail that he didn't live as long as he so richly deserved to have lived. He became, in his later years, president of Antioch College, in Ohio. He worked hard all winter and when spring arrived was worn in health. There was to be a Commencement speaker, but he sent word that he could not come, and so Horace Mann, against his doctor's advice, got up from an ailing couch and gave the commencement talk, himself. In it he had the very wheat-heart of the idea, for toward the end of the speech he uttered these words,—

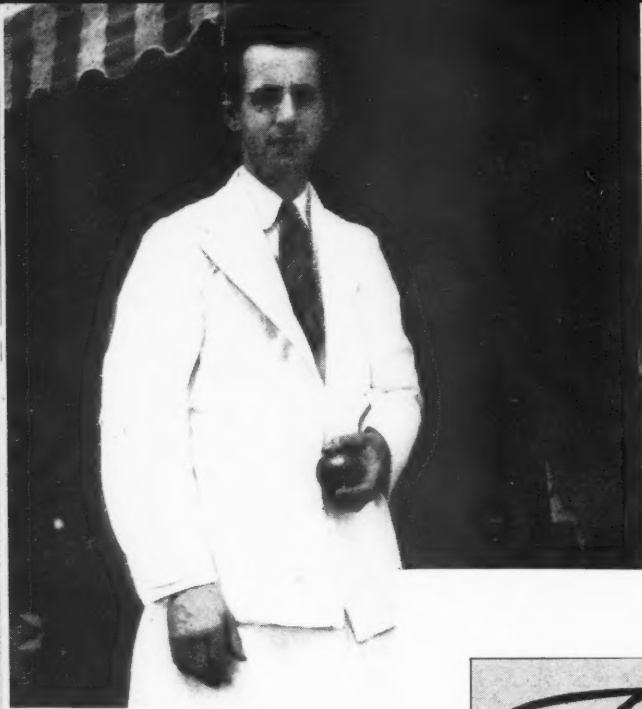
"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

He was not so well the next day, and soon took to his bed. In a year he was dead. But not quite dead, either. Or ever will be.

What a fine thing it is in this troubled world of ours to try to do something for human kind. To put aside some of our money-grubbing and self-serving and do something for others. We may fall far below this high resolve, but it is far better to try and fail than never, never think of doing anything for anybody in the world but our selfish self.

Each one of us, at this very moment, has a most excellent way to begin. And that is to serve our country. To serve it with loyalty, to defend it from detractors, to be willing, if need be, to lay down our lives for it.

Think more of your country and less of yourself, and you will have set foot in that noble procession which marches so gloriously along a highway that is so bright it almost blinds the eye



Gerald Donley, Manager First National Store, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts, another endorser



Captain Harry S. Albro, Mass. State Guard, a veteran of the Rainbow Division, who served under General MacArthur, endorses the Cape Cod Plan

The CAPE COD



Dr. Henry C. Newell, Harwich, who uses the Prayer in his services



Warren Hawes, Esso filling station operator, who also uses the Plan prayer

Amos Kelley Haskell, caretaker of the Quaker meetinghouse, South Yarmouth

Audrey Handy, another endorser, in his Cape Cod general merchandise store



FATHER THY WILL BE DONE THROUGH ME

CAN the war be won by tanks, planes, guns—or even trained men? Is God on our side? Have we any right to ask Him to be?

Every Christian must have asked himself these questions and many like them. All are wondering—the pastor trying to lead his flock toward a spirit that will hate the evil but not the sinner; the father trying to explain the war aims to his child; the Sunday School teacher and her class—we are all searching our hearts for the answer to: "What more can I, as a Christian American, do to help win the war?"

The Cape Cod Plan holds the answer.

What is the Cape Cod Plan? Seven words. To say, "Father, Thy will be done through me," three times a day. Every morning when you get up, at

PLAN

By **GRACE NIES FLETCHER**

noon, and again at night when you go to bed. Only seven words—but what words! "Father, Thy will be done through me." If every Christian said them, meant them, *lived* them, we could change the world!

At first glance, the Plan sounds too simple, perhaps, to be really effective. Can your personal dedication—saying this prayer—actually help to win the war? *Ah, but you are not to say it alone.*

Thousands are already praying this prayer. Protestants, Catholics, Jews, church members and non-church members with the love of God and country in their hearts. It is truly amazing how, sponsored only since Pearl Harbor, the Cape Cod Plan has spread. When you have the boards of selectmen of fifteen towns on Cape Cod praying, things happen! This prayer is being prayed also by the Harwich company of the Massachusetts State Guard; by college students; by school children; in churches; by busy merchants in their stores; by mothers at their dishpans. Voice by voice and prayer by prayer, the cry going up to God is becoming a tremendous shout.

"Father, Thy will be done through me!"

The leaders of Civilian Defense, not only on the Cape but in the national office at Washington, feel that this dedication of not only our money and time but of ourselves can be a vital factor in winning the war.

"The best civilian defense is a spiritual offense," is the way Walter Dwyer, the Cape Cod real estate man who has sponsored this Plan, puts it. God hasn't one nation willing to let Him work through them! Everybody wants Him to get busy somewhere else—on the Germans, the Zulus, or the Japs! But if we will let Him direct us toward a great spiritual



Walter Dwyer, who conceived the Plan, and who gives himself without stint to snowballing it

First Congregational Church, Harwich, Mass., of which Walter Dwyer is a prominent member



offensive, here is a way for the folks at home to help the boys at the front.

"A praying nation may become the battle-axe of the Lord."

Does this sound too idealistic? The Office of Civilian Defense in Washington doesn't think so. When the citizens of the Cape Cod towns sent a resolution outlining the Plan to the national capital this reply came back:

"Your letter and resolution on the subject of 'Civilian Offensive' demonstrate the deep spiritual and patriotic force present in the citizens of Cape Cod. This is truly beneficial to the welfare of our country. . . . I wish you every success in your undertaking.

Signed, Burton E. Palmer."

That the Cape Cod Plan should have started where the Puritans first trod American soil is no accident, Walter Dwyer thinks. The settlers who landed on Plymouth Rock came here chiefly to worship God in their own way. One of the first things they did after building a shelter for their wives and children was to build a meetinghouse, God's home. They, too, went to Sunday worship with guns in their hands, not because they wanted to but because they had to. These new Pilgrims, like the old, want to build a country on God's will.

As Reverend George Weisenborn, pastor of Holy Trinity Church at West Harwich, recently told these new Pilgrims assembled in the Brewster Town Hall, "We are on a spiritual offensive with the weapon of prayer."

The first mass meeting for Civilian Offense was held on January 19, 1942, only a few weeks after Pearl Harbor, at West Dennis, Mass. The meeting like the town meetings that governed the Pilgrims of old, was called by the selectmen of the town to discuss a matter vital to the welfare of all the citizens. All creeds were represented among the speakers for the Plan—a Catholic priest, Baptist and Congregational ministers, a young Jewish rabbi who had escaped from Hitler's fury to the freedom of Cape Cod and thanked God for it. They were all there, all faiths, pulling together, for the first time.

Every citizen present at this first mass meeting promised not only to pray three times daily that God's will be done through him, but also to get seven others to do likewise.

The results were breath-taking. The snowball of public interest began to roll up in an extraordinary way. In a matter of a few weeks, the boards of selectmen in all the towns in Barnstable county were working for the Plan. It was endorsed by the Rotary Clubs, the Kiwanians, the Hyannis State Teacher's College, by the civilian defense committees. Walter Dwyer who was heading up the movement, was even astonished himself. He had (*Continued on page 50*)

HERITAGE



By Hubert Evans

IN DAYLIGHT those denuded miles of side-hill and bottom land admitted no denial of man's wastefulness. Fir and cedar tops and boughs, with here and there a valuable saw-log shattered in the felling, littered the ravaged ground. Across it, the torn avenues, radiating from each spar tree, still showed like patterns of gigantic spider webs. Along these converging lines the marketable trees had been dragged out by the long steel cables, and on their way to the loading decks they had lashed and fought, reducing the second growth to matchwood. Men, rigging, and snorting power machines had gone on to other conquests and only the bleached bones of what had been a living forest were strewn upon the battleground.

But now as the moon cleared the palisade of snags along the eastward skyline, the mellow illusion of life returned. There were shadows as rich as those which once had flowed between slender spires and had brimmed the high vaults of green, cathedral arches. The night draft down the slopes still hinted of that tangy exhalation which, no matter how hot has been the day, can come from the breathing earth of these valleys sloping down to the fiords of the North Pacific coast. The night current carried, too, the scent of fireweed. There was hope in that. Fireweed, then alder scrub, then hemlock, fir and cedar seedlings—that would be the order as, during the hard slow years ahead, nature closed this rent in her green cloak.

But as well as this returning vegetation, nature had a more immediate ally. For seasons before the roots of these saplings-to-be could return its moisture-holding qualities to the torn ground, the big rains could scour the valley stream and clog the clean gravel of the shallows where, for untold centuries, the hom-

ing salmon had left their eggs to incubate in the clear, even flow. Such uncontrolled freshets would smother fry and eggs. Then there could be no more fingerlings to grow lusty and hard of flank where once the glinting riffles and shaded pools had given protection and abundant forage. More ancient even than the valley's forests, was its native salmon run. Now both were

confronted with extinction.

Here, near the valley's head, where the small feeder streams united among scrub alders and willow clumps, Ee-na, the beaver, and his colony had worked with cunning patience. The moon was higher now. Below, bleached faces of stumps and broken trees stood out more clearly in the silver light, and on their lee sides the maze of shadows shortened. The wet, gleaming head of the old beaver showed above the dam which he and his crew had built with sure, engineering skill.

Minute after minute he floated there, his small, hand-like forepaws resting on the lip. His bulk, his easy immobility, suggested competence. Veteran builder that he was, he looked upon his work and found it good. For, in nature's vast and intricate economy, he and all his ancestors had a vital part to play.

Long before the term had taken on its dire and modern meaning, Ee-na and his kind had been prominent in "flood control." In plodding secretiveness, it had been their destiny to build the retaining ponds all these mountain streams must have to quell their freshets when melting snows or heavy rains threatened to scour the spawning streams. Offshore, on the salmon fishing grounds, thousands of fishermen and their families, the farmers who grew food for them, and the workers in industrial plants far across the continent, knew good years or poor, depending on the abundance of the salmon run. And in turn, the salmon run depended for its survival upon Ee-na and all his far-flung clan. All, in the infinitely balanced cosmic scheme were, in very truth, members one of another.

But here, lurking close to the colony which Ee-na had founded, was one who was criminally ignorant of that dependence. Then suddenly the broad tail swirled, and the buck beaver's heavy,



with the flashing precision or a clockwork toy, the old beaver faced him, Ee-na's little ears flat



Then, against the latticed moonlight, he sighted the human figure astride the dam

webbed feet, paddled him swiftly on a course paralleling the dam's crest.

The wake of his passing set the sleepy reflections of green branches nodding farther up the pond. For to Ee-na's experienced ear had come an ominous change in the liquid symphony of the overflow. By the time he reached the dam's farther end, the purl and trickle of water down the face of mud and sticks had died. Then against the latticed moonlight, he sighted the human figure astride the dam. Ee-na's tail smacked the water like a pistol shot. Even as he dived, there were other short-clipped plunges as every beaver in the colony took cover beneath the surface of the fortress they had worked together to construct.

At first none realized how immediate was the threat to this fortress. Ee-na's long dive took him unerringly into the entrance tunnel of his lodge, and inside that low dome he huddled on the resting ledge. Patriarch that he was, he and his mate sensed, more keenly than the rest, the danger that had come upon them. Only the memories of Ee-na and his

mate could go back to the years before the loggers came. Until then, they had always felt secure. Then the dam had been broken, the lodges invaded and for several seasons, as wandering "bank beavers," they had been in exile far back among the mountains. Life had been furtive, insecure, and during the exile several of their offspring had fallen prey to cougar, lynx and bear. Deep, broad ponds were their only safety.

And now, as the pair cowered in their stout lodge, they could feel, rather than see, the life-giving surplus of their storage dam being sucked lower and lower by the breach which the invader was chopping in their dam.

Outside, Ee-na knew the flooded banks of the main channel must now be showing, and far back among the clumps of the alder flat the work canals he had engineered would be going dry. All about him, through the matted walls of this home he had hoped would stay inviolate, he could hear the drip and whisper of the departing water. It warned him how drastically the flow they had worked hard to conserve through the dry weather was now being taken from them.

For a long time the old beaver waited, then, slipping from the ledge, he sped

through the tunnel. A second later his rounded head broke water in the black shadow behind the lodge. His wise old eyes scanned the danger point. There seemed no longer any sound, any sign of movement.

He dived again, shallowly this time, and came up under the cut-bank into which, two seasons ago, he and his mate had dug their first temporary home after the mountain exodus had ended. For the first time since the main dam had been completed, its crumbled and silt-coated top showed starkly. Again he stared toward the breach with round, unblinking eyes.

A back draft of the night breeze came from the dam and he raised his head a little to test it with soundless sniffs. It signaled that the raider had departed. Unseen heads broke water in the heavy shadows farther up the narrowed pond. All watched their canny old leader.


At last Ee-na was satisfied. He swam forward, this time on the surface. Again he halted. He was quite near the breach now. He could actually feel the current setting toward the opening and all his beaver instinct urged him to set instantly to work. But survival meant he must be sure. Behind (Continued on page 42)



NO SWORD IS A
MORE DANGEROUS ONE
THAN THE SWORD OF
HATE. IT MUST BE DI-
RECTED AT ITS REAL EN-
EMY, OR IT TURNS IN THE
HAND. TO WARN US
AGAINST THAT DANGER
IN OUR LIFE IS THE
INTENT OF THIS WRITER

By DOROTHY
CANFIELD
FISHER

TO HATE *or*

 SOME months ago I was asked to write a longish review of John Steinbeck's latest book, "The Moon Is Down." My experience in connection with that review will not make sense enough even to tell you about unless I first tell you something about the book. I realize that a large number of you have either already seen the play or read the book, which has been immensely talked about, but I hope they'll be patient with my description of it, for the sake of those who have been too busy to read it, or whose attention hasn't, by chance, been called to it.

It is the story of what happens in a small rural town in a European country which has been conquered and invaded by the Germans. In some ways it sounds rather like a Norwegian town: in others like a small place in Holland, or in the North of France. In every way it sounds like a place, long inhabited by human beings like ourselves. By generations of communal living, they have built up traditions, standards—a way of life—which they take for granted because they are

so used to it they can't imagine any other way to manage group life.

This way of life, like ours, is based on law: on law which everybody respects because everybody has had—still has—something like a fair share in making and enforcing it. A great and constantly repeated effort is made to make each person as free under this law as anybody else. He is subject to the law, but not to the say-so of any other man. Those officials who "run" the town are elected in free elections by their fellow citizens. They are elected because somebody is needed to see to it that the law is enforced, not at all to give them any personal power over their neighbors in the town. If they should try to use personal power, outside the law—for instance, to put somebody in prison without any legal trial, or to take money away by force from somebody else to enrich themselves—they would instantly be voted out of office. In other words, they live by the code which is in force in any town in Vermont, Wyoming, Wisconsin or where you will, in our own country.

Into this little city comes a force of Nazi invaders, part of the mechanized army which has conquered the nation of which the town is a part. The commanding officer, a middle-aged man who was a member of the German army in the

War of 1914-18, quarters himself, together with the few younger officers who are his staff, in the house of the plain elderly Mayor. All that he wants—perfectly reasonable from his Nazi point of view, is to have the Mayor "make" the people in town obey Nazi rule without protest, work for the Nazis, provide them with whatever they ask for in the way of supplies, food, and coal from the mines which are the chief industry of the little old place.

The Mayor is obliged to say that he cannot "make" his fellow citizens do anything except obey the law of the land. The Nazi takes the ground (quite sincerely) that since he is Mayor, he rules the town and can impose his personal will on the people in it. The Mayor tries to explain, over and over, that he can't impose his personal will on his fellow townsmen any more than they can impose their personal will on him. They do not "obey" each other but the law—and they obey that because they feel free to protest and try to change it if they feel that it is working injustice. His refusal to make his fellow citizens obey is not because he will not, but because he cannot issue orders to them beyond the legal limits of his position. This is not a community of slaves but of free men, living in the framework of a



not to Hate

self-created government. The two men literally cannot make each other understand. Every effort they make to try to reach each other's minds ends without making any contact between them, exactly like two trains on parallel tracks.

But of course the Nazis have the guns, the soldiers, the actual physical power. The Nazi officer reiterates that only by getting implicit unquestioning obedience to Nazi orders can the Mayor avert bloodshed. The Mayor keeps repeating that it is simply not within his capacity to make his fellow citizens obey illegal and unjust and oppressive orders. It is not long before the Germans are driven to violence, in an effort to enforce their demands. They begin to shoot people down for disobedience. The régime of murder grows rapidly more and more bloody, and at the tragic, touching end, the old Mayor is shot. The commanding officer learned from living in Belgium in 1914-18 what utter, raging, devouring fury is kindled by such ruthlessness, in the hearts of a people who have always lived free in equality under the law. He knows from experience as his younger Nazi-trained officers do not, that every time they shoot down one free man, a hundred more are goaded into passionate, selfless, grim determination to resist brute force. But in the Nazi way of life

brought up all wrong—to feel contempt for the rights of others, and a bitter hostility for the idea that anybody has any rights which he is not strong enough to defend by physical violence.

I wonder if you will be as surprised as I was to learn that after the appearance of my review I was fairly snowed under with angry resentful criticism for praising a book which "whitewashed" the Nazis, which showed them as so vastly better than they are that it was the same thing as praising them and their principles. Had I never, I was indignantly asked, heard of the terrible sadistic tortures inflicted by Nazi guards in concentration camps—did I not know that just shooting down an occasional man or woman (as in the Steinbeck book) was the smallest part of the horrors of what is being done by Nazi invaders to the citizens of the conquered countries? Newspaper items were sent me in sheafs, with descriptions (authenticated and proved by reliable eye-witnesses) of mass executions—dozens, hundreds of men, women, children and babies hanged, shot down, burned to death—how, in the face of such facts known to all, could I praise a book which represented German officers as not being, all of them, monsters? Did I not, as a loyal American, realize that the only way to win

no other provision is made to enforce German demands other than to kill more and more of the people who resist those demands.

The book is a powerful, deeply moving, delineation of the attitude towards life of free men who would literally rather die than either be slaves to other men or make slaves of their fellow human beings, contrasted with the attitude towards life of men who feel that there is only one choice before each of us—to be slave-driver or slave.

Such was "The Moon Is Down." And in some such spirit as in the foregoing paragraphs did I review it, pointing out that the German officers were shown not as monsters, evil and devil-like from birth, but as human beings who had been

this war, which must be won or all that makes life worth living for us will be lost, is to hate, hate, hate?

Yes, I *do* realize that, I wrote all my vehement critics. And nobody hates, hates, hates with more devastating passion than I do. But hate is a transitive verb. What is the object we are to put after that verb?

This is a question searching, vital, life-and-death important to us all. It is true that we cannot fight if we do not hate. Fight what? Hate what?

I am old enough to remember very well, every vivid detail seared in on my mind, heart and memory, the last great war. My husband served as ambulance-driver, first in the French and then, after the American intervention, in the American army, three out of the five years of the war. We lived in France all of that time. I met and saw and talked to uncounted numbers of the fine American boys who came over from the United States to fight for democracy. How my heart leaped up—after long exile—at the sound of their American speech, their long rangy American gait, their vitality, their kindness to children, that indomitable courage which seemed to them the most natural quality in the world.

They had been taught to hate as thoroughly as anybody nowadays would wish. With an object. To hate Germans. "Huns," they had been conditioned to call them—although probably only a small percentage of the Americans using that word knew just what it meant. They came over to kill the hated Germans, they said, the only good German being a dead German.

Only a few months (as such things go) after their arrival in Europe, the Germans were defeated. The occupying armies marched into the Rhineland. What happened? These life-ignorant, inexperienced young Americans had been taught to hate, not those who are enemies of a free way of life, not the evil and wicked ideas which poison humanity, if not constantly resisted, fought down, wherever found. No, they had been taught to hate "the Huns," the monsters. When they reached the Rhineland they found it inhabited not by Hunnish demons. They found, to their amazement, a countryside filled with pleasant clean homes, well-kept, by fresh, hard-working house-mothers, devoted to their husbands, to their children, to their bright flower-gardens, to their tidy, well-weeded, vegetable plots. Those families were full of affection for each other, they were musical, they went to church, their children went off every day to school with clean faces and well-brushed hair. Our American boys fell into a violent reaction. All that they had been taught had been false, had been "propaganda"—meaning lies. "Why, these folks aren't Huns! They're swell people," they told each other, they wrote home, "They are just our kind of folks! We ought to have been on their (Continued on page 47)



Modern Soldiers Service Center at Tacoma, Washington

© Associated Photo Service

THE LUTHERAN CHURCH MINISTERS TO ITS MEN UNDER ARMS

By
Carl Solberg

WHAT are the churches doing about the boys in the Army and Navy? People have been asking this question with new concern since Pearl Harbor. Ask what Protestants in general are doing and you will learn that the Federal Council of Churches has lately reorganized a committee to aid the various church bodies in working among men at camps and bases. Ask what each church is doing, and you will learn that Episcopalians, Northern Presbyterians and Methodists have conducted surveys and are now launching programs. But the first church to get going full swing was the Lutheran and so to give people of all denominations an idea of a complete program already in operation we have limited this article to the story of their work.

The Lutherans maintain Service Centers at thirty of the most important military posts and bases in our South and West. In the actual camps, chaplains look after the men's spiritual needs; but when the men leave camp and go to town on liberty, the men are no longer the Army's responsibility. Often they

come to town at week ends. Many of them want their church on Sunday. That is where the Service Center comes in. Just as Army and Navy need USO to handle the men's recreation at the week end, the chaplain needs the churches to help when the boys come to town.

In many Southern towns the Lutherans had no church at all—or at best a tiny mission chapel or two. Even in towns where their congregations were strong and numerous, the work needed direction. So the Service Center was built around the service pastor.

He is in his mid-thirties. Before he was called to be a service pastor last year his ministry probably included a good deal of work among young people. Occasionally he is more than 35; then he may himself have done his turn in the ranks in '17-'18, and learned then to understand how a draftee thinks. In any case, he is an enthusiast, believing in the

sensitiveness, pride, and intelligence, of the new Army. He wears no uniform. He is earnest as only a man who believes in the immediacy of a great job can be. But he is not likely to be a monkish Rev. Stick-to-his-Study: he has an ear for names, an eye for faces, and more often than not an adroit hand at ping-pong or snooker pool.

He is a professional—but not a professional welfare worker. Though he directs a recreational center, the Lutheran service pastor is no recreational director. Professionally he is a counselor, a spiritual adviser, a friend—in a word, a pastor. He's on the job from morning to midnight, writing to men in camp, visiting them in the hospitals, chatting with them as they come in and sit around.

His job is to minister to all who come, and to his Center come men from every corner of the country, of every faith from Baptist to Buddhist. Since most men are in camp till mid-afternoon, the pastors often spend the fore part of their day in the most particularly denominational part of their work. From every Lutheran congregation in the United States come the names of boys bound for



A place to make friends and write home



Lunches are served and games are played



The radio is always popular



Every man signs the register

the camp or base near their Center. The home pastor provides that information on special cards supplied to him. In addition, chaplains at neighboring camps often supply names of Lutheran boys to the service pastors.

With the addresses thus given him, the service pastor sits down and sends the new boys a letter introducing himself, telling about the Center, and inviting them to come in and look it over. Most Lutheran service pastors possess lists of their men in service at nearby camps ranging from the hundreds to the thousands. These fellows hear regularly from their service pastor, and learn to look up the Service Center at the camp to which they may next be transferred. Thus, the Lutherans stick to their point that they owe a specific pastoral ministry to their own young men.

But the real work of the service pastor comes when the men come in to visit his Center. And at that point his job ceases to be denominational. Of the fourteen larger Lutheran Centers probably a dozen minister to more Methodists or Baptists, as the case may be, than any other denomination. An attendance check at the Center in Tullahoma, Tennessee, shows that the proportion of non-Lutherans among those coming in once and those coming in repeat-

edly, was just the same. Norfolk, Virginia, is no Lutheran city, and among the more than 100,000 men who are in military establishments nearby there are probably less than 3,000 Lutheran boys; but there is a Lutheran Service Center in Norfolk, and it is doing a good job there because Norfolk happens to need such a service. The Lutherans are a pretty uncooperative lot by reputation, but they have not stuck at the logic of this assignment.

The fact is they have found that a certain type of boy comes to their Centers, no matter what denomination he belonged to at home. He is a decent Christian fellow, used to a pretty well-behaved home life. Most of the men who come in acknowledge some religious affiliation. All of them miss the habits of home, and seem to find something like what they want in the Lutheran Centers. The atmosphere is definitely not pious, but compared to other servicemen's centers, the men find more quiet. They can write their letters, sit, lounge, talk and nap, as they please. If they have personal problems on their minds, there is a time and place for that. The Lutherans aim to make their Centers a ministry for men who want something of Christian atmosphere. This is a limited aim; they want to keep their men for the Church; in the process, men beyond the Church are missed in the same way they are missed by the Church back home.

War, when it came, was the ultimate personal problem for the young men sent South by conscription. They, too, had bucked at intervention, and they had bridled at the twelve-month stint of drudgery and sacrifice in the swamps and sand-dunes of the military encampments. Many of them went over the hill—not once, but again and again. They grouched at their draft boards, their top-sergeants, and the fellows back home who took their girls and their jobs. A lot of them had made arrangements to get out after one year's service. All of them had made big plans for the Christmas furlough due in a few weeks.

Then came December 7. It was a Sunday, and thousands of men heard the first news of war as they sat in Service Centers. It took time sinking in. At Columbus, Georgia, Fort Benning men asked with mild interest, "Where's Pearl Harbor?" But the radio kept bringing more news, until every boy knew that there had been a reason for conscription after all. The soldier's first reaction—spontaneous—was anger at the fact and manner of aggression: he did not doubt there must be war with the Japanese. Overnight there was no more morale problem in the Army.

But for war he was personally unprepared. At Fayetteville, North Carolina, where he had come in a convoy of trucks from Fort Bragg to evening worship at the Service Center, he sang "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," and for once really wanted to (Continued on page 49)



*I*N THAT HIGH HOUR OF MARRIAGE YOUNG COUPLES SEEK OUT A CHURCH; AND AS THEY STAND BEFORE THE ALTAR, WHEN LIFE BECOMES MYSTERIOUS WITH PROMISE AND EYES BECOME MISTY WITH LOVE, IT IS NOT HARD TO FEEL A DIVINE PRESENCE THERE WITH THEM, LINKING LIFE WITH LIFE



And as I understand it, when Christ says, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them," He is not stressing the smallness of the numbers, but the force and purpose of the gathering. The presence of other persons, assembled for a Christlike purpose, has a power of making the divine presence more real. That is our Lord's promise. May I share with you two or three conclusions which have matured in my mind, as I have thought about this promise through the years.

SERMON

By Ralph W. Sockman

THE charmed circle of which we wish to speak is drawn in these words: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Those words of Christ are no doubt familiar to all of you, but if your experience parallels mine, you have usually heard them on occasions when the crowd was small. At a prayer meeting, for instance, when the attendance was slim, someone would lead in prayer and remind the Lord of his promise, that "Where two or three are gathered together" in his name, there he would be in the midst of them. The implication of it was that numbers do not count with God.

Well, in one sense numbers do not count with God, in another sense, they do. God is not influenced in making his laws, as politically minded legislators

often are, by the number of petitions placed before him. God's mind is not changed, as people's minds often are, by Gallup polls. God's laws are universal and eternal. But their working out may be affected by numbers. A thousand persons praying for rain is no more likely to bring a downpour than is the prayer of a solitary farmer. But a thousand persons praying for a religious revival in Chicago, or a million persons in America praying for a just and durable peace, will have more effect than the petition of a solitary citizen, for man's spirit is the channel through which God's spirit works, and the more open hearts turned Godward, the more of his spirit he can pour out. Numbers, therefore, do not count with God in the sense of changing his will, but numbers do count in the sense of channeling his work.

The first is this: I have observed how real a presence God in Christ has been on certain occasions where two or three have gathered together in his name. Yonder is a young man and a young woman who have seemed to get along very well without going to anyone about God. They have health and good jobs and good times. Religion to them seemed so completely a side issue that they seldom if ever turned aside from their round of activities to give it recognition by going with others to worship God. But now they have come to the threshold of the most nearly irrevocable decision man can make—that of linking life with life, "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death do us part." In that high hour of marriage they seek out a church; and as they stand before the altar, when life becomes mysterious with promise and eyes become misty with love, it is not hard to feel a divine presence there with them.

That young couple may not form a habit of religious worship, and we might

conclude that they had only used it in marriage as a polite social convention. But the years pass, and that young husband and wife enter the experience of parenthood, becoming coworkers with God in the mystery of creating life. Then again something brings them back to present their child for baptism at the baptismal font and beholds their solemn pride and senses their quivering hopes; and it is not hard to feel a divine presence in their midst.

And again when death takes away those who are dearer than life itself, something bids men turn to the Church for its comfort and companionship. However able we may feel to carry our own burdens, who of us feels sufficient to carry the body of a loved one to its lasting resting place without the solace of comradeship? And who does not want, in such an hour, something more than mere social fellowship? Yes, and when we stand in these circles of sorrow and hear words like: "The Lord is my shepherd," or "In my Father's house are many mansions," or "Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid"—I say when such words drop their still dews of quietness upon death-stricken hearts, it is not hard to feel a divine presence in their midst.

In the spring of 1940 Clare Boothe, the well-known playwright, made a tour of Europe, interviewing leaders and surveying the conditions in the countries at war. In her book "Europe in the Spring" she writes: "As a matter of fact, I never heard anybody important really talk seriously about God in Europe in the spring, that is, not until the invasion. But the Sunday after the invasion, all the politicians in Paris went with the people to Notre Dame and prayed on their knees to God to save France for them. They were very shaken. I saw them."

Do you say, "Yes, when men are in danger they turn to God in fear"? Fear might explain some of the prayers in Paris last spring, but fear does not explain why people turn to the marriage altar and the baptismal font. No, as Dean Sperry of Harvard puts it, "In obedience to some deep unreasoned prompting, men seek churches when life is most real." Yes, in the words of the Psalmist, "Deep calleth unto deep." In those moments when life is most real, we turn to find fellowship with God and the people of God. And where two or three are gathered together at such high moments, there is Christ in the midst of them. That is one thing I have observed.

A second thing I have learned from experience is that not only in these special hours but as a general rule, the presence of fellow-seekers helps God's presence to seem more real. Oh, I have moods when I feel that to go off by myself in some lovely woods or by the restful sea brings me closer to God than to mingle with people in public worship. And there is a place for solitude. The religious man's direct experience of God

is like the artist's lovely and intense apprehension of beauty or the poet's solitary dream. But these lonely flashes of luminous insight do not give me a sufficiently steady light to live by, any more than the flashes of the fireflies on a summer night shed sufficient light to read by. Left to myself, my moods fluctuate. There come hours of exultant faith wherein I feel convinced of God's goodness. There come moments of mystic insight when the atmosphere clears and the very foothills of heaven are visible. But I also have low moods when I dwell in the basement of my nature and take low views of my environment. I have cynical hours when I discount the motives of my fellowmen and lose faith in



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noble causes. These high and low tides of the spirit come to me; and in the handling of them I need the help of others. My private spiritual exercises meet somewhat the same difficulty as those physical setting-up exercises which I start every now and then in my room. At least every New Years I resolve to follow regular physical exercises immediately after rising. My good resolutions in this regard usually last about a month. Somehow my private physical drills be-

come dull drudgery and are soon discontinued. I need companionship in a game or walk to make my exercise interesting and sustained. Likewise in my spiritual exercises, I need fellowship to make them continuous and effective.

Furthermore these are dark times when it is not good to be too much alone with myself. You recall how Elijah felt when he fled from Ahab and Jezebel and sat under his solitary juniper bush saying "And I, even I only am left." And you recall how God bade the despondent prophet to go back and see how many of his countrymen had not bowed the knee to Baal. Well, there are a mighty lot of people in the Elijah mood today. They think the majority are on the side of the Ahab and Jezebels; they think everybody around them is a fifth-columnist. What they need—yes, what I need—is to go and see how many faithful ones there are who have not yet bowed their knees to Baal.

My heart is strengthened also when I sit down with a group of my fellow-ministers to face the questions which this war thrusts upon us, or when I go into my church and see the sincere search for guidance, or when I receive radio letters of interest, especially such a one as came some time ago from a Home for the Aged, telling that a group of dear old people assemble every Sunday for our National Radio Pulpit. My friends, I do not know how it is with you, but for myself, I am frank to say that I need fellowship today to sustain my faith. This is too dark and dangerous a time to do lonely picket duty indefinitely without losing one's courage. I need to feel the comradeship of other watchers in the dark. I need to see the campfires of God's army. I need to feel a sense of solidarity with the fellow-seekers after God.

Over in London the church organized some time ago what they call a "Siren Service." When the air siren sounds and the people go to their underground shelters, the messengers of the Church carry its ministry of song and refreshment and prayer to those modern Catacombs under the streets of besieged London. The air raid sirens of actual attack have not yet sounded in America—and pray God, they never will—but warnings are being sounded here and people are growing worried almost to the point of hysteria. Let us, then, have our Siren Services, wherein Christian fellowship is carried to those who sit in the darkness of doubt and fear, reminding them that where two or three are gathered together, in such fellowship, there is Christ in the midst of them. While we are talking about the dictators who are against us, let us remind ourselves of the Lord who is with us.

A third thing I have noted is that the presence of fellow-seekers helps to make the divine presence more real not only because we catch the contagion of their faith, but also because we must discipline ourselves to (Continued on page 53)




Wrangler of GOD'S HERD

Photos courtesy Nebraska Historical Society

The story of Rev. J. Clyde Clark, the "Sand Hill Parson" who, the cow men say, has left his brand on the Sand Hills

BY HAROLD PREECE

 THE storekeepers at Kilgore, Nebraska, have a run on crackers and canned peaches when the cow-punchers come to town every Saturday afternoon. Tall, friendly men whose lives are bounded by the saddle and the stars, the punchers sit on empty boxes, crunch crackers, spear peaches out of the cans with their jackknives, and talk in cow country lingo about cows. Somebody has heard that a certain cowman is planning to graze more calves on that quarter-section over by the gulley. There is talk that another rancher is being bothered by the wolves. A stray puncher from another county drops in and reports that ticks are plaguing the steers over on his range.

Then somebody will say, "Let's hunt up Parson Clyde and find out how God's Herd is coming along."

They find the Parson on a street corner "swapping news" with some farmer who has made his monthly trip to town for supplies. With the easy democracy of the Sand Hills, they join the two men whose conversation veers just as easily to take in the new arrivals. The punchers begin asking Parson Clyde—Rev. J. Clyde Clark, pastor of Kilgore's little Baptist church—all sorts of questions about the herd which he has started to finance the many community activities of his small but hard-working congregation. And with the shrewdness of cowmen, they are sizing up another man when they talk with the preacher.

"I heard that first cow in your herd had a calf right after you took her over. I reckon that proves the Lord is lookin' after them cattle you're raisin' for him."

"Let's see," another one will say. "Ten head now in the herd. In seven years that ought to produce, barring a plague of wolves or rustlers, seven hundred head."

"Well, Joe," the preacher will drawl back, "we never expect to have that many. If we did, I'd have to stop preaching and put in all my time riding herd."

"But maybe we'll be able to start a Sunday School for the kids over in your township when we sell the first load of calves."



Cattle on the Lee Bros., ranch in Cherry County, Nebraska, where the Sand Hill Parson lives and labors



"God's Herd"—the initial gifts in the herd which the Sand Hill Parson is starting to finance his far-flung work



The First Baptist Church, Kilgore, Nebraska—the only Protestant church in 1000 square miles



The Sand Hill Parson's home, and three of his children



Left—Ninety-two-year-old John Schulz, elder in Kilgore's Baptist Church, and right—sixteen-year-old Richard Clark, son of the Sand Hill Parson. Richard is an active B Y P U worker



"Mr. and Mrs. Sand-Hill Parson"—Rev. and Mrs. J. Clyde Clark, who, the cowpunchers say, "have put their brand on the Sand Hills"



Sand Hill Missionary Society, which, like their sisters in more populous places, give money and prayer to missions

Then another puncher will straighten up from where he has been leaning against a post, walk over to the preacher and say: "I've got to be movin' along if I make the ranch before sundown. But I want to say, Parson, that you've sure put your brand on the Sand Hills the four years you been out here."

Preacher Clark's total salary the year round would not pay the gas bill of many a city minister. Like the frontier circuit rider, this missionary to one of America's last frontiers has learned to live pretty much, as one puncher put it, on "faith and fresh air." Also like the frontier circuit rider, he acts as evangelist, teacher, adviser, and general helper to people off the main highways who would otherwise be completely lost to the influence of the Gospel. And in the spirit of the circuit

rider, he has become a part of that lonely windswept country where he works with cattle so he can do more work for human beings.

"South of us," he writes of that country, "stretching mile after mile beyond the Niobrara River roll the endless Sand Hills, with home after home never hearing the sound of a church bell, nor the voice of a gospel messenger.

"The northern limit of this field reaches into South Dakota for fifteen miles. If you exclude the Roman Catholic church, here is an area of fully one thousand square miles in which our Baptist church is the only church of any kind. And these square miles represent ranches, homes, whole communities, scores of children, and hundreds who, year after year, hear no gospel."

With all the simplicity and passion of those early preachers who braved desert and flood to serve men, Clyde Clark believes that he was obeying some special purpose of the Lord when he accepted the call, following a major operation, to the then run-down little Baptist Church in Cherry County, Nebraska—whose population is three hundred thousand cattle and less than ten thousand people.

The people of Cherry County believe it too. In a region which affectionately nicknames men whom it likes, the people call him "The Sand Hill Parson." Since he started in the cattle business for the Lord, they also refer to him—both reverently and humorously if you know the double-edged but straight talk of the cow country—as "God's Wrangler."

When Parson Clyde first came to Kilgore, he started making friends with the young people. He's a father himself—three of his children live at home in the Baptist parsonage with their parents; an older son is married and living in Des Moines. But the young friends whom the Clarks met in Cherry County were growing up "wild" like the Russian thistle and Texas sand burrs out on the range.

"Practically the only place where the young people could congregate at night has been the corner saloon masked under the guise of a drug store," Parson Clyde wrote after he had started his work in Cherry County. "The demoralizing influence of this institution one meets everywhere.

"About the only source of amusement here has been the Saturday night dance, an institution that is wide open and abundantly enlivened by liquor. It is hell turned loose twice a month. This drunken debauch is vocal with male and female voices, screaming with vulgarity and profanity. Autos, with screeching horns, are driven up one street and down another until early in the morning."

Parson Clyde saw all these things and wondered what he could do to make these young people as healthy spiritually as they were physically. He talked with a 'teen-age boy who lives fifteen miles north of Kilgore. The boy mumbled something in reply.

"Have you ever been to Sunday School?" Parson Clyde inquired.

The boy looked out over the range like a scared rabbit and blurted out:

"Oh no, sir, not me!"

"That boy was neither outlaw nor numbskull," commented the Parson. "He was bright-eyed and quick-witted. There are thousands like him in this area."

Those who spend more time harping on the faults of youth than in helping youth find the Kingdom of God might find a tonic for their souls if they dropped into the recreation center which the Kilgore church has set up in an abandoned store bought at a tax sale. It would do them good to see some of the very concrete but very Christian work, being carried on, under the inspiration of Parson Clyde, for youth out in the Sand Hills.

These critics might find in the Kilgore Baptist Young Peoples Union the boy who looked like he was going to duck into a badger hole when Parson Clyde invited him to Sunday School. They would certainly find a number of the young people who used to help "tear the town open" every other Saturday. They would meet a lot of earnest young Christians who look upon drinking at the (Continued on page 52)



Beyond the Purple Mountains

By

MARIETTA CARTER

Part Six



ONE day Bessie handed her a letter from Harry, saying, "What a striking similarity there is in Harry's and Walter's handwriting. When a letter comes from out that way, I never know which one of your lovers it's from."

Mary Ellen had never noticed it before, but on comparing them, she saw they were very much alike, a fact that was to be strangely impressed upon her mind a few months later.

She slipped up to her room and opened her letter. After a page or two written in his usual happy vein, he wrote—"A little bird tells me that Walter has become a familiar figure on the Enterprise streets, and that his sleighbells can be heard almost any evening. While you are gaily dancing down the glamorous pathway of the city, sometimes think of the 'plain man' out in the timbered hills. Yours as always, Harry."

It was a penitent soul that sat down to answer his kind, uncomplaining rebuke. She wrote—

"Dearest Harry:

You have no idea how long the days seem to me, nor how much I miss you. I think of you nearly all my waking moments, but sometimes to ease the aching void, I do go out with Walter. I only wish it could be you. Can't we have one more sleighride together before the snow is gone? I shall be expecting you.

Yours, as I have always been,

Mary Ellen."

The day following the next mail day, Harry's sleighbells jingled in front of the

house and he announced he was in town for a week's vacation. Bessie insisted on keeping the post office that week, which gave them many quiet hours together. He told her one day, "Aunty wants to go down to the Valley in the spring. She has decided to sell the old place to me. If she hadn't, I intended building us a home up on the flat, where we could look out upon the hills. Wouldn't you be willing to release the right to your homestead and come to me when she leaves? She said to tell you, 'If you will, she will give you her flock of sheep to compensate for the homestead.'" He waited patiently for her answer.

Weighing the matter a few moments, smiling serenely, she said, "No, Dear, I think that would be selfish of me. Her sheep belong to her and her children, and she should keep them. The homestead will be valuable to us as summer pasture for our cattle, since it has the creek across it; and you know I have promised to teach the spring school and I couldn't break my word to those dear people."

With rather a forlorn smile, he said, "I knew you would decide that way."

One evening Edith came over, her round, rosy face glowing with pleasure, to tell Mary Ellen confidently, "Jimmy has arranged to buy Lila's homestead as soon as she proves up on it, then we are going to be married and I'll be your permanent neighbor. I love that little cabin by the brook."

Joyously Mary Ellen threw her arms around her crying, "Nothing has made me happier for months, Edith. Jimmy is one of the best of men. You would hunt a long time to find a better one. We will be sorry to give Jimmy up, but still we are glad, for he deserves a happy home and a dear little wife."

"And I think Lila is going to marry Jim Blake," Edith said. "She told me she had learned to see his good qualities and felt she would be safe to intrust her happiness to him. She and Will had a long talk yesterday and he left this morning, telling me he might not see me again."

"I am glad for her too. I think she has made a very wise choice, but I am rather sorry for Will."

During late summer and fall Walter often came to Lila's and on those visits he always urged her to invite Mary Ellen over. Occasionally she went, to please Lila, and she really did not want to displease him.

Late one evening in early October, several weeks after her school opened, he walked home with her. Stopping by the bench in the yard he said, "Molly, I see so little of you these days. I wish I could call on you sometimes. May I?"

"No, Walter, I think it wouldn't do. I have promised to marry Harry this fall."

With emphasis he exclaimed, "I know you will think it isn't my affair, but I think it is: because I still love you, and I must warn you. You had better let Harry go. He isn't straight; I am convinced of that. I am sure he is at the back of the cattle stealing. I'm just watching for enough proof to nab him. Everything is against him; he is intimate with Hiram Grant, and is running there all the time, and everybody knows that Hi is an old hand at the business. Harry is often gone from home half the night; Jimmy will tell you that. We will catch him sooner or later, and to play safe, you had better drop him now."

She sank down onto the bench, pressing her hands to her hot forehead. "I don't, I can't believe it. He seems so

Toward morning she dragged herself in and dropped upon the bed, but could not sleep.

One day not long after, Flossie was late for school and it was very evident when she came in, that she had been crying. At recess she said, "Please excuse me for being late," and her eyes filled with tears. "I hate that meddlesome old Lila Chambers. She's a liar and I told her so."

"Oh Flossie, don't talk that way! What is the trouble?"

"I went in to give her Ma's new cake recipe an' she began to talk about Harry and said he is a cattle thief, an' at the head of the gang, an' they are trying to catch him. She said, 'Walter told her all about it, an' it looks awful suspicious.' Harry wouldn't stoop to such a thing; he's too good," she finished, with another burst of grief.

Mary Ellen tried to console her, saying, "Well we all know he is not guilty, and without a doubt he will be able to prove himself innocent, so don't worry any more." But her own mind was not fully prepared to follow the advice she gave to others. She could not dismiss it from her mind during the day, and tossed restlessly most of the night.

One day Mrs. Jacobs came down, ostensibly to visit school, but in reality to ask if she had heard the whisperings of suspicion that Harry was mixed up in the cattle thieving. Mary Ellen exclaimed, "Why Mrs. Jacobs, you wouldn't believe that about Harry, would you?"

"Well no. I can't say as I would. He allus seemed good and honest, but this does look suspicious. But I've knowed him every sense he was a boy, an' I never knowed him to do a dishonest trick or tell a lie." After a short silence, she continued, "They are offering a thousand dollars reward for capturing the thieves."

"Why that is a very big reward, isn't it, Mrs. Jacobs?"

"Yes, it is, but this has growed to be a big thing. Why they are stealing thousands of dollars' worth every year." Mrs. Jacobs' honest comment on Harry's integrity gave her a small crumb of comfort and she began to feel more hopeful.

She received a note from Hiram Grant telling her some plants he had promised her had arrived and inviting them to make him an all day's visit. Something from within: a sort of premonition, prompted her to not ask Harry to take them up to Hiram's.

It was a hard twelve mile ride, but she decided to take it on Bird and say nothing about it to Harry. That evening Lila came in to say, "I am giving a birthday party on Monday for Edith, and I want you and Harry to come. Walter can't come, so you and Harry must not fail me."

Harry came in later and she told him about the party on Monday. He said, "I am truly sorry, but it will be impossible for me to be there."

"Oh you can arrange to be there I am sure. She would be dreadfully disappointed."

"No, I have some business to attend to that I can't very well postpone, so don't expect me."

She felt a rising surge of anger and suspicion. Why couldn't he put more confidence in her? "All right, since you

have so much important business to take you away of evenings, I'll say I have some too, and I won't be here Sunday evening."

He gave her a startled look, but said no more about it, and there was a constrained feeling between them the rest of the evening.

She lay awake that night, thinking over the rumors she had heard. They were coming from different sources, and some of his best friends were beginning to feel suspicious. Could it be true? Surely, surely not. Back of those honest eyes and manly face could not possibly be deceit and dishonesty—still, so many things indicated his guilt. She could not endure the suspense any longer; she must know, even if it should be the worst, she *must* know.

She asked Benny, Jerry's ten year old boy, to bring his horse down to go with her for a ride, and on Sunday morning they saddled early and rode to Hiram's for some plants he had promised her.

On arriving (Continued on page 55)



honest and good." He answered, "You can't always tell by appearances. You had better take my advice. I'm sorry to hurt you, but I just had to tell you." He caught her hands and passionately kissed them and hurried away.

She sat there far into the night—stunned and dazed, trying to collect her thoughts. She kept repeating, "It isn't true, it can't be true." But still—she knew some of the things he had said *were* true. Some believed that Hiram Grant was still dishonest; and Harry was his intimate friend. And many times during the summer when they had wanted him to join their evening frolics, he had been at a loss to give a reasonable excuse. She sat there for hours; trying to understand, trying to weigh the matter from all angles. Why didn't he confide more fully in her? It did look suspicious. Then a vision of those clear, honest eyes and straight-forward ways, would flash across her mind, and her heart would say, "It is not true: he is innocent and good; I will not give him up."

AUGUST 1942





As she came first he grabbed her, lifting her into the cockpit seat behind Andy

By

**HAROLD
CHANNING
WIRE**

PART TWO

JUST how lucky they had been, he saw as he opened the door and stepped out into a freezing wind. In that instant of her hand darting to the wheel she had righted the plane and lifted it. Instead of crashing against the cliff, they had shot onto a plateau top. He didn't want to think about what would have happened if there hadn't been this jutting shelf, smooth and level except for a rock slide close to the mountain face where the plane had come to a halt. Then a stifled cry jerked him around.

Helen had climbed out behind him. She stood among the loose rocks in front of the plane, pointing at the propeller. He looked, and an icy chill not from the wind pricked through his blood as he saw what had made that last shattering vibration. Both metal blades were badly twisted, their tips bent from striking in the slide.

The girl's eyes met his. They stared, speechless, at each other.

He knew she understood about the plane. They couldn't do anything to the propeller and fly again. She would know that. But unless she had been watching closely, she wouldn't have seen how completely they were trapped. This cliff was a sheer five thousand feet above the valley. And even if they weren't caught so high . . . this was jungle, a hundred miles

or more from the camp, the same back to the coast. It might as well be two thousand.

He spoke at last. "Have you got any coffee in that crate of yours?"

She looked startled. "Coffee? Yes. But Bill, what are we going to do?"

He said honestly, "I don't know. Let's warm up while we talk." She was already shivering in the cold.

Howard Drake was still inside the plane, his head in his hands.

Bill reached in and gripped his arm. "Come on. Buck up!"

The blond head nodded. "I'll be all right in a minute."

"Give him some coffee, Bill," Helen said. "There's a lunch kit strapped behind the seat."

He brought out the wicker basket and opened it on the ground. With three hot cups poured, he handed one to the girl and one to Drake. But then, lifting his own, he tipped it toward her with a wry grin. "Well, happy landings, Helen," he said.

"For heaven's sake," she flared, "do you have to rub it in? I know it's my fault. I'll take the blame. If I'd listened—"

"Sure," Bill said. "But I'm not blaming you. You took one of your chances and this time you lost. That's all."

"They'll send a plane from Granada to hunt for us," she said hopefully. "We can wait."

"No." He shook his head. "We can't stand this cold. There's a storm coming and that means below zero. When the clouds come down a plane couldn't find us for days."

A blankness struck across her face. He hadn't meant to frighten her. "I'm only giving facts," he explained. "Whatever's

to be done can't wait very long."

"Then what *can* be done?" Her eyes went past him to the deep chasm beyond the cliff.

He said again, "I don't know," and finished his coffee. "You stay here. I'll take a look."

The hot drink had warmed him, brought its comforting lift to his mind. As he left the plane and walked toward the plateau's rim, he saw now that the square top jutting out from the mountain was not level as he had thought. The level part was for a width of perhaps one hundred yards where the plane had stopped. For another two hundred yards the smooth rock made a slope toward the rim's edge.

He reached the slope and halted, and stood for several minutes looking across the valley. The pass on that side, below him to the south, was still visible through the rolling mist. He saw that. Facing to the north, he searched along the valley's black jungle bottom, a scowl coming into his eyes. When he turned back to the plane at last, Helen started out quickly to meet him, not wearing the chute pack now.

She was shivering uncontrollably even in the leather jacket. Her teeth chattered as she asked, "What did you find?"

He stopped and looked down at her. "A chance, Helen, if you'll take it."

"If I will? What about you?"

That made him grin. "Me? I don't take chances. Good old Cautious Bill!" He shrugged. "Never mind. The one chance I won't take is on freezing to death. So look. That pass I know is not over seven thousand feet. We must be above twelve. That's a safe gliding angle if you get a good start."

She looked across the valley. A sudden excitement quickened her voice. "Yes! We might—" But then she turned back to

him, shaking her head. "No. There isn't a long enough slope here to start us."

"There's enough," he said, "if I give you a push."

It took an instant for her to understand what he was saying.

She gasped. "And you . . . you mean, leave you here? I won't!" She stared at him angrily. "What made you think I would? Is that the opinion you've got of me! No, Bill." Her eyes softened. "I may be a lot of things, but I've never sneaked out of a jam to save my own neck. I don't think it's so darn precious as that. We're all in this—"

"And we'll all get out," he broke in. "If you leave me one of your chutes, I can jump. At least we'll be down, even if we aren't together."

"Down! All you'll be is down in the middle of a jungle! I'll have the plane. I can be seen from the air when help comes, but you—"

"One thing at a time," he said. "Getting down from here is first."

There wasn't any use in giving her a false hope, telling her of the one chance he saw to bring help quickly to all of them. It was slim. She still didn't know what lay ahead of her. A desperation swept him. "Helen." He put his arms around her and drew her close. "You said that neck of yours wasn't so darn precious. All right. To me it is, if you care to know."

Her eyes filled suddenly. "Oh, Bill!" She dropped her head against his shoulder. "I've got a lot to take back, haven't I."

"No," he said, and brushed his cheek along her soft hair. "I still wouldn't go down that Adirondack ski run! Now come on."

He turned toward the plane and saw Drake outside, huddled with his back to the icy wind.

"Howard," he asked, "can you use a gun?"

"Why," Drake faltered, "I don't know. I never have."

"I can, Bill. Why?"

He looked down at the girl beside him, hesitating. Then he unbuckled his belt

with the holstered automatic and fastened it around her. "Just in case you need it," he said. "The Motilone Indians have been bad. When you get through the pass, there's open country to land in. I wish you could build a signal smoke, but that would draw the Motilones. Anyway, a plane can spot you down there."

"Of course it can." She touched him and forced a little smile of reassurance. "Then we can come back and look for you, Bill. A plane's bound to come, some time."

He nodded. "Sure," he said, and kept his face from showing that it might be too late; that even if she got through the pass, the fierce black eyes would be watching. They were always watching. The Motilone's saw-toothed arrows had already killed eight white men working in the Granada field.

As he stepped back from her a feeling of dread came like a knot tied in his throat. "All right," he said. "Get in."

She didn't move. She stood looking at him, her mouth blue with cold, trembling.

His own choked feeling made him short. Roughly, he said, "Get in, Howard! Helen—" He picked her up and lifted her into the cabin and closed the door.

He didn't look at her again. Going quickly back to the tail, he dragged the plane clear of the rocks and faced it into the wind at an angle south across the plateau top.

Still bent, head down against the freezing blast, he shouted, "All set?"

It was a moment before her voice came muffled from the cabin. "All set!"

He drew a long breath. The air was thin and painful at this altitude. Then it took all his toughened strength to lift the tail and start the plane forward, slowly at first, across the hard rock surface, then at a fast walk, his boot soles sliding as he shoved, faster, gaining momentum, until he was running, with the fire of labored breathing in his chest, a blackness coming in front of his eyes.

But suddenly the plane's tail was light in the rush of wind. He took another stumbling step and dropped; then even as

he sprawled, sliding on a little farther, he raised his head and saw the plane rolling on, tail up, gathering speed down the slope.

One instant it was there before him, the next it was gone. He struggled onto his feet and saw it again, below the rim but already far out over the valley.

It grew smaller quickly, floated between the rock walls of the pass and vanished in the mist. The questions that rushed through his mind then had no answer . . . if she had landed safely . . . or crashed . . . and had the Motilones seen her. But he had one chance left to help her, if help got there in time. Every minute counted now.

He ran to the chute pack she had left lying on the rocks. The harness was buckled for her small size. Loosening it, he moved back again toward the plateau's rim. She had gone south; his face was to the north in the way the wind was blowing. . . .

In Bill Martin's adventuring life, the many things he'd done had never included a parachute jump. Something warned him to do it fast, and not look down. With the harness on, he stepped close to the edge of the cliff. He turned a little, yanked the ring that hung against his chest.

There was a sudden rush of white cloth past him, like a flower blossoming in the wind. He saw the shroud lines tighten . . .

The quick hard jerk that pulled him off, the sense of falling, the hard jerk again and a feeling of being swung in a great pendulum arc, seemed part of a single breathless moment. He looked up. The chute was billowing above him with a faint whistling noise. He had no sense of wind now, until he dropped his eyes to the black jungle flowing beneath him, and saw how swiftly he was being carried north.

He kept his eyes down, searching on up the valley. From his first height the jungle bottom looked smooth. It began to show its wooded ridges coming up toward him fast. He drifted above the white veil of a

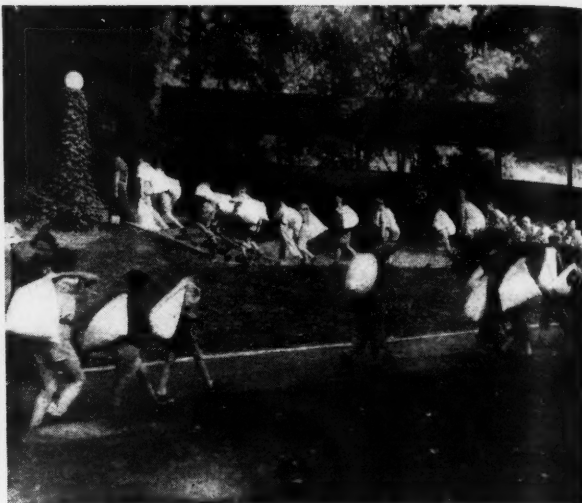
(Continued on page 56)



She made only a small vague shape in the darkness of the vine-covered porch



1 The children get a complete physical and then two great buses take them direct to their vacation Paradise



4 The boys carry the bags of sterilized clothing up the hill to the little cottages that will be their home for two or more weeks

To MONT LAWN They Go:



2 A sudden view of all that is beautiful greets them as they drive up the hill that leads to Mont Lawn



5 Getting acquainted—how fast they become buddies!



3 After the hot, dusty ride, a warm shower and change of clothing is refreshing; lunch gives them strength to start their first day



6 Probably the first time they ever said "grace" before their supper



7 In the cool of the early morning the children take their walks and hikes through the woods



8 And then there is a swim for all—a shallow pool for non-swimmers, a deep one for the experts



9 The day is full of fun; while the sun is high the children take a nap, play games, watch Punch & Judy shows and hear stories



10 There is always a baseball game on the field, basket ball, handball, merry-go-rounds, swings, slides—never a dull moment



11 So much activity is bound to mean someone gets a scratch or a bump—the doctor looks them over every day



12 The Children's Temple plays an important part in the life of every child who visits Mont Lawn



13 Taps and the lowering of the flag brings a happy, busy day to a peaceful ending. Then the prayers are said and they go to bed



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. J. W. G. WARD

AUGUST, 1942

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1

THE FATHER'S HAND

"WHERE SHALL NO EVIL BEFALL THEE."
READ PSALM 91:1-11

WE HAD a friend, a collector of wild birds' eggs. One day, discovering a "clutch" down on a ledge of the sea cliff, he tried to hire a boy to allow himself to be lowered by a rope to secure the coveted prize. The boy wanted the money, but the danger daunted him. At last he said, "All right. I'll do it, so long as my father holds the rope." Danger ceased to bulk so largely in his mind if only his father shared it with him. Have you thought that every circumstance of life is known to God? You are beloved of Him.

Give us unwavering faith in Thee, O God, that our hearts may be brave for all life's emergencies. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 2

THE SONG OF THE GRATEFUL HEART

"BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL."
READ PSALM 104:1-10

THANKS be to God for these blessed days in which the choirs of Nature praise the great Creator, by whose hand our homes were set in this fair land. Though clouds may sometimes dim the sun, nought can destroy what He hath done. So changeless confidence in Thee, that we shall Thy salvation see, shall nerve our hearts to do Thy will, assured that Thou our portion still, shall aye be our sufficiency. Then to our lives Thy grace impart that grateful praise may fill the heart to all eternity.

For Thy bountiful love we render thanks through Jesus Christ our Lord.

MONDAY, AUGUST 3

PLEASING MEN—OR GOD?

"NOT WITH EYE-SERVICE, AS MEN PLEASERS."
READ COLOSSIANS 3:16-25

THE test of genuine love to God is often our daily tasks. A former state

governor says, "There is no more valuable subordinate than the man to whom you can give a piece of work and then forget it, in the confident expectation that the next time it is brought to your attention it will come in the form of a report that the thing has been done." That is one of the most powerful advocates of Christian character and its worth. We may not have great gifts, or many talents. But faithfulness, for Christ's sake, is within reach of us all.

Move our hearts with such love to Thee, O Father, that we may discharge life's humblest tasks assured that we may thus honor Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 4

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELF

"NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT THAT IS IN THEE."
READ 1 TIMOTHY 4:7-16

A STREETCAR conductor was grumbling about his job, when a friend asked, "Do you know Sullivan?" "Why, yes," replied the man. "He's the president of this company." The other remarked, "He used to be a conductor on this very line. He made up his mind to be the best man at the job that he could. That put his feet on the ladder. You've told me where he climbed." That goes for us all. Our lot may be limited. We may have only one talent. But if we did our best, what heights of loyalty and devotion would be within reach.

In the common duties of the day, nerve us to give Thee our best, O Lord. So shall we prove our faithfulness through Thy power, Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5

HOW DO YOU FEEL?

"I HAVE COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE?"
READ MATTHEW 15:32-39

"HOW do you feel today?" That is a question which we are constantly asking of our friends. But we are so concerned, in most cases, that we do not stop for the answer. It is just a formal greeting which means next to nothing,

because if that friend should start in about his ailments . . . ! But how do we feel about the needs of the world? Are we horrified at its wrongs, and so moved to help? Are we grieved at its ignorance of God, and so are constrained to work for Christ's kingdom? How do you feel?

O, Christ, give us to see things more as Thou dost view them. Give us to know more of Thy pity and love. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 6

THE CHOICE THAT DETERMINES

"I VERILY THOUGHT WITH MYSELF."
READ ACTS 26:4-16

WE MAY lament our lot or envy others. Yet it lies within our power to live a life that is eminently satisfying if only we will follow the leadings of God's Spirit. Charles Kingsley wisely observes, "Mankind is divided into three classes: honest men who mean to do right and do it; knaves who mean to do wrong and do it; and fools who mean to do whichever is the pleasanter of the two." But for the Christian, intent on doing the Father's will, the path of honor is to choose the right, and follow it cost what it may.

"O Master, let me walk with Thee, in lowly paths of service free. Tell me Thy secret; help me bear the strain of toil, the fret of care." Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 7

THE HOPEFUL HEART

"I SHALL YET PRAISE HIM."
READ PSALM 42:6-11

THE Emperor of Ethiopia was exiled to Britain. His kingdom was wrested from him. Everything was lost. Or was it? Hope certainly was not. His faith in God and right did not fail. He believed that, even though it seemed impossible and beyond all belief, one day he would recover what had been taken from him. He is back in Addis Ababa, his capital. And when life looks hopeless, that is all the more reason that the believing soul should be hope-

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

ful. It may take time to overcome our difficulties, but the soul says, "I shall yet praise Him."

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform." We thank Thee, O Father, that Thou dost overrule all things for our good, through Christ, Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8

EMPTY PRAISE

"THEY LOVED THE PRAISE OF MEN."
READ JOHN 12:37-43

IT IS all right to enjoy the good opinion of our fellow-men—providing their opinion is worth having. But the poet complains, "Weep, and you're called a baby; laugh, and you're called a fool; yield, and you're called a coward; stand, and you're just a mule. Smile, and they'll call you silly; frown, and they'll call you gruff. Put on a front like a millionaire, and somebody calls your bluff." Well, that comes of seeking to win the approval of people whose judgment is worthless. But to strive for and to win the approval of Christ . . . ?

Reinforce us with Thy grace, O Master. Help us to measure our lives by Thine. So shall Thy commendation be our blessed portion. Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9

CO-OPERATION

"I HAVE PLANTED, APOLLOS WATERED."
READ I CORINTHIANS 3:1-9

CHRISTIAN service, like Christian living, must be a fellowship in which each is willing to do his part, without seeking to stress his own importance, or seeking glory for himself. A clever mind has discovered that cooperation, a word of eleven letters, can be effectively spelled with two. They are W-E. That accounted for the success of the early church, for the satisfaction with which Paul labored. It did not matter who got the credit, so long as Christ was glorified and His kingdom extended. Are we as large-hearted?

Save us from all foolish self-seeking, from all vanity and pride. Let Christ be glorified in all we do. For His sake, Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 10

THE FAITH THAT FORTIFIES

"THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY HIS FAITH."
READ HABAKKUK 2:1-8

WE HAVE the honor of Christ in our hands. People are watching us, to see what faith can do for the soul. So, "Talk faith. The world is better off

without your uttered ignorance and doubt. If you have faith in God, or man, or self, say so; if not, push back upon the shelf of silence, all your doubts till faith shall come. No one will grieve because your lips are dumb." That is rather negative counsel, yet the positive is that we should turn to God's sunlight. Then the shadows will fall behind us.

Flood our souls with Thy light, O Saviour. Banish all gloom and fear. So shall we reflect Thy love and trust.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 11

BELIEVING IS SEEING

"MANY . . . HAVE DESIRED TO SEE THOSE THINGS WHICH YE SEE."
READ LUKE 10:21-24

ONE of the queer questions they used to ask us when we were children was, "Why should B come before C in the alphabet?" We tried to reason it out—and failed. They just come like that! But there is something of worth in the correct answer. You have to be before you can see. Grasp the deep spiritual meaning. By being pure in heart we see God. By being true to Him the perplexing is made plain. By being obedient, larger truth is entrusted and fuller light given. We must be what God wants before we can see.

Create within us clean hearts, O God, renew a right spirit within us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12

FINDING THE WAY

"THOU WILT SHOW ME THE PATH."
READ PSALM 16

FOLLOWING the crowd is not to find the way. Not to have a clear purpose for life is to wander around without any definite sense of direction. We cannot hope to get anywhere if we do not know where we are going. That is what the world is slowly discovering. It is lost because it has lost the way. But the Christian has Christ as his sure and competent guide. Without Him the race can never reach its goal; with Him, the soul cannot miss it. Trust and follow Him.

O Thou who art the confidence of all who love and trust Thee, guide Thou our feet into the way of life. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 13

THE COMING CHRIST

"I WILL COME AGAIN."
READ JOHN 14:1-11

CHRIST is coming again. We know not when, but that does not alter the

fact. Whether in His day of power, or with the personal summons of His angel death, He is coming. "So I am watching quietly every day. Whenever the sun shines brightly I rise and say, 'Surely it is the shining of His face,' and look unto the gates of His high place across the sea, for I know He is coming shortly to summon me." Make every day count. Be like those who watch for their Lord. So, whatever the task, it may prove a fitting coping stone for life.

Help us to be ever faithful, so that, when our Master comes, He shall find us faithfully doing His will. For Christ's sake, Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 14

THE SCARS OF THE WARRIOR

"HE SHOWED THEM HIS HANDS."
READ LUKE 24:36-53

JOHN B. GORDON was one of the bravest generals of the South. He led the last attack before Lee's surrender. In later years, he ran for the Senate. One of his old opponents did his best to defeat his candidature, but on voting day, he changed his mind. "Whatever made you vote for Gordon?" he was asked. "I couldn't help it. When I saw him there, and the scars which showed his bravery, I just had to give him all I had." Do we feel that way about Christ? Look at the marks of His sufferings, and then—give Him all you have!

Divine Redeemer, who hast saved us at such cost to Thyself, make us Thine own for today. Through Thy constraining love, Amen.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15

A SIMPLE SUM IN ADDITION

"ADD TO YOUR FAITH. . . ."
READ II PETER 1:1-11

LIFE is like a sum in simple addition. "Sooner or later, man finds that life is a mixture of good days and bad, victory and defeat, give and take. He learns that it does not pay to be too sensitive—he should let some things go like water off a duck's back. He learns that it does not matter so much who gets the credit so long as the deed is done right. And that getting along with other people is about ninety per cent his own behavior." Happy is the soul that can learn, laugh, and constantly add new virtues to the life.

Grant us patience, understanding, and sympathy with others. So shall we bring honor to our faith in Thee. By Christ Jesus, Amen.

(Continued on page 58)

him, just inside the edge of shadow, his mate quartered back and forth, gathering every air current into her sensitive nostrils for any trace of danger. Then she swam directly ahead, and together the two old ones threw themselves into the breach.

Soon the children and the grandchildren who had been watching, joined them. Lengths of wood, from which the sustaining bark had been eaten, were tugged from places where they had been wedged into the bottom, ready for such an emergency as this. They were set in place. Branches and twigs came next, to be woven in expertly, their forked tips upstream where smaller debris could lodge. Then clods and fibrous mud were patted into place, and by the time the moonlight's silver had been alloyed with the steel of coming dawn, the gap was mended and levels in pond, lodges and canals no longer dropped.

BUT, as Ee-na feared, they did not rise assuringly. The sunlit weeks along the higher levels had taken heavy toll. In time the hoarded water might reach back among the feeding clumps. But until that came to pass every mealtime must bring its lurking hazard.

However, at the small shingle camp three miles down the valley, there was jubilation. For, thanks to the raid, the crew had the water they wanted to float their week's cut of cedar bolts down their long V-shaped flume to the scow waiting to deliver them to the shingle mill near the inlet mouth. The water they had released from the beaver dam now nearly filled their own storage pond.

"What we've got should get us by this week," the foreman explained. "Next week we can have more."

"I'd use dynamite if it was me," the other argued.

The foreman grinned. "You've got something there."

"Chopping's not much good," a man across the table put in. "Beavers don't know when they are licked. You leave 'em only half a dam and they'll turn to and mend it."

The foreman buttered his hot cakes. "Next time they won't. By using powder they won't have any dam to fix."

For the colony, the days which followed were anxious ones. Under the cool caress of night, the feeder streams brought the levels slowly up. But by each noon, the sun's heat and the thirsty side-hills reduced the incoming flows to mere trickles, or stopped them altogether. Ee-na made countless inspection tours. The dam itself was solid as a wall. But back on its wings, there was a small amount of seepage. Dead leaves and forest muck were packed into every crevice he could discover. But still the slowness with which the levels rose was torture to this thrifty and tireless engineer. Even in daylight, which he had long ago learned to distrust, he cruised about the workings, devising, testing, pitting his skill and knowledge against the summer drought.

Had it been winter, and the harvest in, the stores of green feed they would have cached beneath the ice would have been their surety. But at this time of year that harvest had not been made. So, each evening, as dusk fell, he and the others must

furtively leave behind the water near which alone they felt safe, and venture to the outermost fringes of the parched land to forage. It was there, just before moonrise, as the eastern ridge stood in faint contour against the spreading light, that the colony suffered its first casualty.

One of the youngsters was nibbling the tender sprouts around the base of an old willow stump, when Ee-na, who was reared on his hindquarters beside a sapling he had just felled, saw an eerie shape glide on stiff pinions against the tinted sky above the ridge. He sat down noiselessly, his back humped, all four feet well bunched beneath him. Then he heard the ghostly warning of the gliding owl. Deep in his throat he made a gruff, chittering sound. But the young beaver did not heed. Ravenous after its twenty-four-hour enforced fast, it reached higher to nip off a succulent shoot with its front, chisel teeth.

The great horned owl banked steeply. Ee-na understood the menace of that circling flight as the raider marked down its quarry. Then, tilting steeply, it drove straight at the prize. The kit beaver had no chance. As it lunged for cover, the talons sunk into its back. There was a choking sound, the stiff whisper of striving wings, and the owl and its burden vanished down the dark cleft of the valley.

In the stern economy of nature, premonition of disaster spreads unerringly among those furred and feathered creatures whose destiny it is ever to afford the needed checks on unweariness; to be the messengers by which, in her slow, dim way, she exacts the penalty for departure from her proven paths. Next day, all through the heat and brightness, two ravens were her sentries. First on a high snag, then from a green cedar top, they looked down on the dwindled pond. Shrewd waiting was the part they had to play. For an hour at a time they scarcely moved. But the sunlight glinted on their ebony wing covers, and their hoarse exchanges held promise to others whose ears had read the message.

A BALD-HEADED eagle, on its high, aerial patrol, looked down and knew that this was a possible feeding ground it should keep in mind. And from the rugged slopes above, a yellowish, four-footed prowler had been attracted to the spot. Now as yet another evening descended upon the anxious beavers, the coyote was lurking within the cover of the willows.

After weeks of clear, dry weather, the sky had clouded over. All Ee-na's skill had failed to bring the water levels in his workings back to normal. But tonight, as he ventured across dry land to feed, he was vaguely heartened by that primal confidence, that basic trust of wild creatures in the ebb and flow of seasons that sustains them. They were proven allies which, even in the exile years, had never failed him. The rains were coming! From dripping branches, from a myriad mossy catch-basins along the higher slopes, the water which meant life and growth must soon be coming. All would be garnered into his ponds, and from the dam's face, through countless tendrils of seepage, the wide-flung irrigation of which he was the unconscious engineer, would creep down to make the valley alive and green again.

Ee-na's beveled chisel teeth were goug-

ing through a two-inch willow when the crouching coyote sprang. But by the slimmest fragment of a second, the ambush failed. Ee-na wheeled, and with a speed surprising in so stocky a creature, gained a crescent of gnawed stumps. There, back to the wall, he faced his enemy.

The coyote tried to reach his flank in a sidling rush. With the flashing precision of a clockwork toy, the old beaver faced him. Ee-na's little ears were flat, his yellow incisors, bared and yellow, clicked defiantly.

The coyote pretended to have gone away, but Ee-na was not fooled. Tense minutes passed. Then from the slope came a long-drawn ululation. Eerily it was muffled in the thick night. The nearby marauder signaled to its mate with the short-clipped summons for the kill. Then there were two coyotes between Ee-na and his pond.

EE-NA knew he was cornered, and that their patience was sinister as that of ravens. Sooner or later the cloak of darkness would be drawn aside and they would have him at their mercy. In all his long life, the patriarch had never been so desperately cornered.

He could see them through the palisade of willow stumps, prowling ceaselessly, like tawny ghosts. Deep in his brave old heart, his way of life, his pond and its protecting water, were calling. Ee-na gathered himself for what must have been his last dash. Then a stick cracked briskly. Both coyotes flinched as if the sound had been a lash. Then both were gone.

The tall figure which passed so close to Ee-na's hiding-place was like that he had seen astride his dam, the night when the water had been taken. With the cumbersome speed of a charging bear, Ee-na shot past the man and hurled himself into the pond in a sousing plunge. Long and deep he swam toward his lodge. It was then he felt the under-water thud of footfalls along the soggy mass of dam. As he gained the entrance tunnel, it must have seemed to him that the last gap in the ring of enemies had closed and that the crisis was upon the colony.

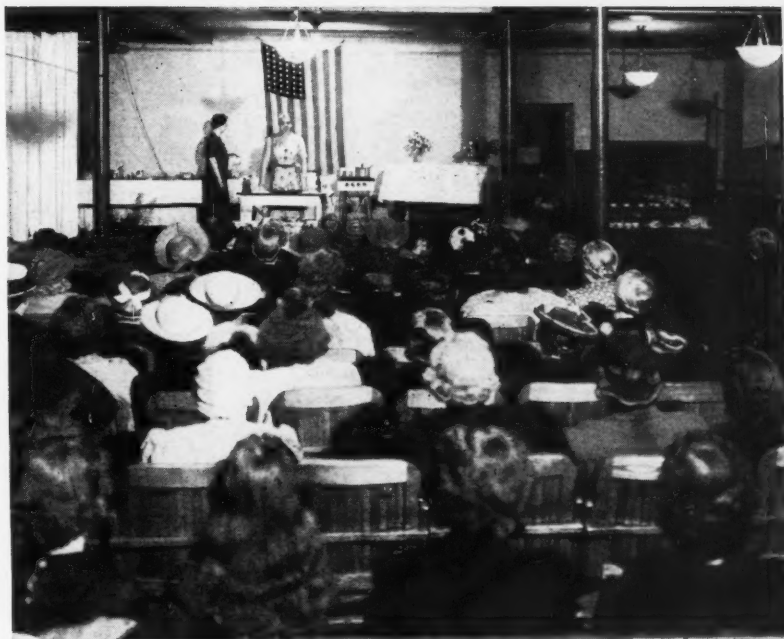
And so, in truth, it was. But the fight to save the colony of conservation workers had passed into human hands. And capable hands they were. The Ranger, whose coming had made the coyotes flee, lost no time in closing with the man he had been trailing. He and the foreman came face to face midway along the dam. Blunt and forceful words were spoken. Then the defeated foreman headed down the valley to his camp.

BUT the Ranger waited. Hours passed. Belatedly, from some cedar clump, a pigmy owl piped the coming change in weather. Then, at last, came the caressing benediction of the rain.

Stippling drops left a mesh of bubbles on the pond. And from the unseen side-hills, the vast and heartening murmur spread. Like gentle fingers, they stroked and soothed the dry and fretted leaves. In the blackness, the Ranger heard the wake of a swimming beaver lap against the bank where he stood motionless. Ee-na and his mate were cruising joyously. Their heritage, and through them that of man, was safe.



Here's the "Teacher"



And here are the "pupils" in a Christian Herald Cooking School

CHURCH COOKING SCHOOLS *For Fun and Funds*

By Grace Hallowell

OUR *Christian Herald* Cooking Schools opened last autumn in old New England, and after the inspiring drive through that beautiful countryside, it was thrilling upon arriving at the first school, to find everything ready. The good friends who had volunteered to assist with the preparation were eagerly waiting—in spic and span aprons—to go to work. It took only a few minutes to transfer the groceries from the car to the kitchen. Then there was the fun of opening the packages. And will someone please tell me if there is anywhere in captivity a modern Pandora who does not love to satisfy her innate curiosity by finding out what is inside a closed box? Only in these boxes there was no trouble—just a lot of good wholesome food.

By this time everyone was well acquainted and things really began to get under way. While two women arranged the gift table attractively, another assembled literature, and two more helped to prepare the demonstration trays, while I whipped up cakes and made salads for the refreshments. The time just scurried along by leaps and bounds, and it was time for a bite of lunch before we knew it.

Then the audience started to arrive,

and although the mercury was hovering around 95 degrees, there was a very good crowd. In spite of the intense heat, those good homemakers watched and listened with unflagging interest while we prepared eight attractive recipes, showing how modern foods could ease work in the kitchen, at the same time enable women to serve their families more nutritious and appetizing meals.

At one point, two or three of our friends in the audience showed signs of anxiety, and realizing that they were worried about the cake which was baking, we hastily told them that we had not forgotten it, and that more cakes had been ruined by peeking at the wrong time than for any other reason. Thus reassured, they settled back and enjoyed the rest of the demonstration. And when those cakes came from the oven, they were pictures of brown perfection.

By this time, the savory aroma of good things cooking had whetted everyone's appetite, and we did not disappoint them; for as the demonstration closed, two or three freshly groomed young girls appeared with generous plates of refreshments—a good portion of jellied salad on crisp lettuce with delicious dressing, a crunchy butterscotch square, a man's sized piece of fluffy cake topped with

luscious icing, and a grand cup of coffee with plenty of fresh cream. Everything was received with acclaim.

Then came the climax—the thrill of receiving the gifts. What a time those women had when some friend received a five-pound bag of flour or a pound of fine coffee! However, the excitement reached its peak when the foods which had been prepared in class were given away. Of course, everyone wanted the cake, but they were all elated with whatever they received, and applauded like schoolgirls at a ball game.

After the last package had been distributed, they were invited to come up to the platform with any individual and knotty cooking problem which they might have. Several took advantage of the invitation, and we consumed another half hour in pleasant and useful discussion.

At last we came to the clearing up and packing. But the old adage that "many hands make light work" is still good, and everything was done in jig-time. Before leaving, the two women who were the guardians of the exchequer joyously confided that the meeting had enriched their treasury by twenty-four odd dollars. So we all went home—a little tired, but thoroughly satisfied and very happy.

This first school is a good life-sized portrait of all the others that followed. As the season progressed, our itinerary led us into the lush farm country and rugged mountains of Pennsylvania, over the rolling hills of Ohio, across the flat plains of Indiana and Illinois, and up to the lovely lake and dairy land of Wisconsin, and at last back to our own grand Empire State.

In some of the large urban communi-
(Continued on page 46)



Vegetable blend cocktail is served with bread and butter turnovers stuffed with watercress



Tall glasses of spiced iced coffee and a tray of dainty sandwiches

BY CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

AUGUST'S social calendar is packed with afternoon get-togethers. Group plans for fall are threshed out in the heat of summer. The church supper committee meets to plan autumn menus. Knitters meet, and conversation flourishes above the click of needles. Women join women on vine-shaded front porches to sew for the Christmas bazaar. Repair parties assemble, lugging in bundles of cast-off woolens to remodel warm apparel for the winter ahead to clothe the world's needy. Women gather in church parlors to revise and devise methods for community nutrition projects. Salvage committees arrange for full speed ahead. Every community across the nation will be joining the national salvage campaign by early September.

A meeting calls for its cup of hot tea or its glass of cool nectar. Don't forget something to nibble, something sweet or something savory. Nothing expensive,

WHEN COMMITTEES MEET

*Pass those tall coolers
with something zesty,
something sweet*

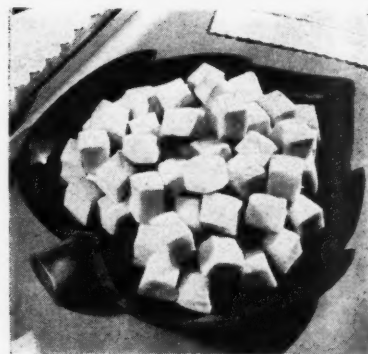
mind you, a collation of good things is in bad taste in these times. But the little sweet sandwich, the wafer, the soothing sip of something hot or something frosty is everyone's pleasure. It brings to the meeting a spirit of friendly cooperation.

Here are tips and sips to use when the ladies get together.

Vitamins Plus
Chilled Vegetable Juice Cocktail
Bread and Butter Turnovers, Stuffed
with Watercress
Salted Peanuts

It's good for you and it's good—we refer to a vitamin drink of well chilled tomato juice or any vegetable juice concoction. One commercial drink we favor, and it is in markets everywhere, is a blend of fresh pressed juices of parsley, watercress, tomatoes, celery, spinach, carrots, beets and lettuce. Chill the cans in refrigerator—open and pour when ready to serve. Add an ice cube to each glass. This mixture is made of garden-fresh vegetables pasteurized in such a manner as to keep the natural vegetable flavors and retain the vitamins A, B₁ and C. Calcium and iron report for service also.

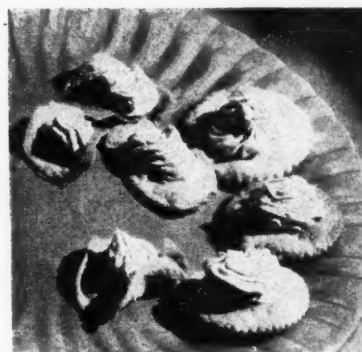
For the accompanying bread bits use the enriched white bread. Slice it thin as thin, cut each slice into four small



Cheddar cheese pastries are richly flavored morsels to pass with cold drinks



Vitamin A canape: chopped pimiento, parsley and cottage cheese mixed with sweet butter and spread on crisp crackers



Potato chips or crisp crackers topped with a flourish of tangy cheese spread are an inexpensive tidbit to pass with iced drinks

squares, spread each square with softened butter, fold two opposite corners of each square, one over the other and stick sprigs of watercress into the open ends.

Frost Capped Tea
Orange Pekoe Freeze
Five-Way Sugarless Cookies
or
Peanut Butter Macaroons

Orange Pekoe Freeze
Place the 1 ounce tea bags (these are sold for crowd service) in an earthenware container. Pour on 1 gallon fresh boiling water. Let stand 5 minutes. Stir well. Remove bags. Pour hot tea over

cracked ice in tall glasses. To each glass add one scoop of orange or lemon ice (purchased ready-made). Serve with straws.

FIVE-WAY COOKIES

1½ cups sweetened condensed milk
½ cup peanut butter

Combine condensed milk thoroughly with peanut butter. Add any one of these ingredients:

2 cups seedless raisins
2 cups cornflakes
3 cups coconut
2 cups bran flakes
1 cup chopped nuts

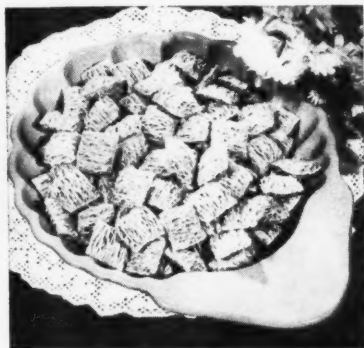
Drop by spoonfuls on greased baking sheet. Bake in moderately hot oven (375° F.) for 15 minutes or until brown. Approximate yield: 30 cookies.

Porch Punch Party

Parson's Punch
Vanilla Nut Cookies

Buttered-Toasted Wheat Biscuits
(tastes like salted nuts)

Grandmother's day—the America of fifty years and sixty years ago—produced numerous quenchers to take down the temperature during the sweltering days of summer. Remember Parson's Punch, reminiscent of lawn socials and church fetes. A tempting fruit combination to dip into punch cups when the knitters get together on the front porch.



Miniature biscuits of whole wheat cereal salted and oven toasted taste like nuts. Good crunching with the afternoon coolers

PARSON'S PUNCH

1 quart boiling water	2 cups grape juice
4 tablespoons tea	1 cup crushed pine-apple
2 cups sugar syrup	2 cups orange segments
2 cups lemon juice	1 quart ice water
1 cup orange juice	

Pour boiling water over tea, add sugar. Stir until dissolved. Pour immediately over block of ice in punch bowl. Combine other ingredients and pour into bowl. Decorate with mint and additional orange slices. Makes 16 tall glasses or 40 small punch glasses. Recipe may be halved or quartered for smaller group.

Note: To save sugar in sweetening drinks such as iced tea or coffee or fruit punch prepare a hot sugar syrup. This

(Continued on page 46)

Modernizing Aunt Martha



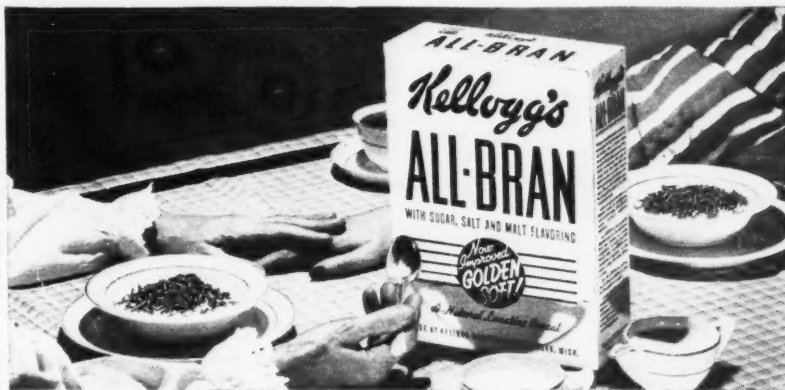
THE MORE YOU get to know my Aunt Martha, the more you love her. But, believe me, what she knows, she *knows*! "Annabelle," she says to me one morning, "mind what I tell you: there's nothing does a body as much good as a real, stiff, old-fashioned *purge*."



BUT I TOOK HER INTO CAMP that morning. "Auntie," I said, all determined-like, "that little idea went out with the bustle! What you should do is find and correct the *cause* of your trouble. And maybe I'm the little girl who can help you. Come on down to breakfast."



"HMPFF!" AUNTIE SNIFFED. "What's this 'modern marvel' you're talking about?" "Why, it's nothing more than this grand breakfast cereal," I told her. "KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. If your trouble's the common kind, due to lack of 'bulk' in the diet, ALL-BRAN is just the thing to get at the cause of it. Eat it every day and drink plenty of water."



"GLORY BE!" says Auntie right after her first crunchy spoonful. "This *is* delicious! And if ALL-BRAN will do what you say it will, young lady—well, I always intended you to have that diamond ring, anyway!"

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(Continued from page 45)

will dissolve the sugar more completely than stirring it into the cold liquid. Try iced tea and coffee sugarless, it's really quite good. If sugar is to be passed with hot tea, buy the half size sugar cubes, or lemon drop candies will do a teatime sweetening job.

VANILLA NUT COOKIES

1 cup vegetable shortening or margarine
¾ cup brown sugar, packed
1 cup corn syrup
1 egg
3¼ cups sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons vanilla
½ cup chopped pecans

Cream shortening until light, add sugar gradually, then slowly add syrup and lastly the eggs. Continue creaming until fluffy. Sift dry ingredients together, stir into the mixture. When well blended, add flavoring and pecans. Drop by small spoonfuls onto an ungreased cookie sheet and bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 10-12 minutes. Cool on wire cake rack. Do not stack or store until cold.

CHEESE PASTRIES

1½ cups sharp cheddar cheese
1 cup margarine or butter
4 cups bread flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon red pepper

Mix the cheese and shortening thoroughly. Work in the flour sifted with the salt and red pepper. No water should be added; the mixture will be crumbly. Place in wax paper and chill several hours. Roll to one-half inch thickness, folding crumbs over and over until the cheese mixture is firm. Cut into ¾ inch squares, place on a cookie sheet. Bake in a moderate oven. (375° F.) 20 minutes.

(Continued from page 43)

ties there were magnificent churches with splendidly equipped kitchens, while in some of the outlying districts, we had just enough to get along with. But everywhere the women displayed the same fine spirit. They were invariably kind, jolly, cooperative—and abundantly enthusiastic. For this we drop them a bow and here express our enduring admiration and gratitude.

And all of a sudden—so it seemed—the season was gone; then dawned the realization that here had ended a series of the most valuable and pleasant experiences one could imagine. Now, in the summer weeks that are ahead, lies the pleasure of preparing new, interesting and helpful programs for the coming year. In our new recipes we will stress the importance of proper nutrition and the best use of the foods that are available under war conditions.

Would you like to have one of these schools in your church? Miss Eglin at the *Christian Herald* office tells me that there are some open dates for the fall and winter. The schools are held in the Middle West and the Eastern states, but I would like very much to extend them into the Southeastern states, also, if you folks down there would give me a chance. So please write soon for fuller information to Miss Olive Eglin, care of *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York.

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The Editors

(Continued from page 27)

side of the fight!"

Our young men had been betrayed, outrageously, fatally betrayed by the blanket exhortation to hate; and so—quite unaware of what they were doing—they, along with all of us, in the years after that war betrayed the great cause for which they had truly and sincerely been willing to give their lives—the cause of democracy.

No sword is a more dangerous one than the sword of hate. It must be directed at its real enemy, or it turns in the hand. And the real enemy is evil. Evil, wherever it is found. Weakness often has a pleasant aspect. And such weakness is latent in almost all human hearts—ours too. But weakness in resisting evil principles, in opposing an evil way of life, is hand-and-glove partner in wickedness and cannot pretend it is not—no matter how clean it washes its personal face and tidies up its individual home. Such weakness is to be hated and fought and resisted with heat and passion and indignation. Neither we, nor any other human beings are justified in trying to pass off weakness, or passive acquiescence in evil, as a form of innocence. They are not the same thing. Those clean, German children, sent off to school with a loving kiss by their mothers, were studying text-books which taught them that they, as Germans, were superior to any other human race, and that manifest destiny called on them to rule and exploit other nations, with no regard for their rights. It was all very well for their mothers to kiss them good-bye, but those German women would better have done their duty by their little boys and girls if they had made a courageous stand against the hideous theory that any race is entitled to force any other race into an inferior position, and to keep other people in subjection. *And so would we.* That dreadful notion of a "master race" is one of the evils which we must hate, hate, hate, with all our hearts.

Another evil which we must hate, hate, hate, with wrath, hate to the point of swelling veins and pounding pulses, is the idea that "ordinary people" are fit only to be docile servants of a few, that the great mass of humanity is incapable of self-direction, of self-rule. We must venomously hate those who want to keep closed the doors to economic and educational opportunity, that opportunity which is the only way out to freedom and human dignity—and safety—for our human race.

Into this effort to give the opportunity to develop to more and more of our fellows, we can fling our whole selves—heart, body, soul, mind—with no danger of ever feeling that we have been fooled by propaganda. There can be no reaction from hate felt for the wickedness which makes the goal of life not to reach more and more brotherly cooperation with all our fellows, but to attain more and more ability to snatch from others some of what is their rightful share of our common human heritage. To hate such wickedness—to fight against it wherever we see it, to be heartily sorry and ashamed for any faint stirrings of it in our own hearts, even in the passive form of lack of concern for the welfare of others—such hate, such shame, are other names for the love of God who is goodness.

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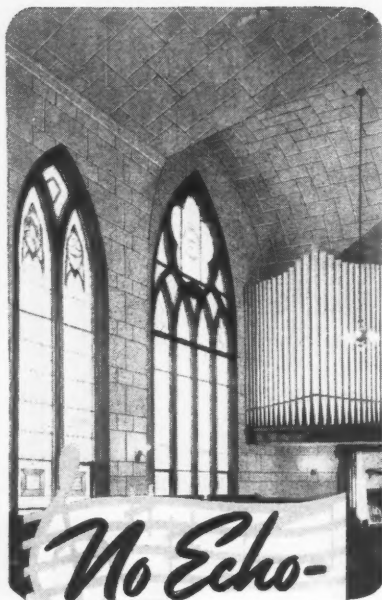
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CITY STATE

(Continued from page 20)

soon made friends. Here in Montevideo were other signs heartening to foes of the Axis. Students were on strike against the continued publication of a Nazi newspaper.

At the concert in the University of Montevideo doors were closed when the hall was filled. Ensued a tremendous clamor from without. It sounded like a Nazi-inspired riot but it proved to be only the students who had not been able to gain admittance. Eventually they broke down the doors and packed the aisles and the window sills. At that concert's triumphant conclusion, Donald S. Devor, Jr., club president, made a little speech which summed up matters:

"We are not here on a political tour," he finished. "We have come merely to visit you, to know you and to sing for you. When men sing together, no interpreter is necessary. May the music of our songs cement a lasting friendship."

Argentina was approached with some trepidation. In view of that republic's rather aloof attitude toward U. S. moves for hemisphere solidarity, the singers expected a cold reception. But music soon leveled all barriers of suspicion. It was standing room only for all four concerts in Buenos Aires. From La Plata, Rosario, and Mendoza came the same warm friendliness toward this group of young men from nineteen states of the union—young fellows who, while obviously having the time of their lives, made it evident by their behavior and their courtesy toward a courteous people that they were conscious of representing the U. S. and willing to be judged by their actions.

When their train pulled into the city of Mendoza, Argentina, at midnight, the club was greeted by a large delegation of students, cheering and bearing banners reading: "Welcome, Yale," "Welcome, Sons of Eli." Followed a gay parade to the hotel with singing and conversation in English, Spanish, and sign language. A local choral society, made up of students of the University of Cuyo, not to be outdone by the club's numbers sung in Spanish, proudly rendered *Old Black Joe*, *My Old Kentucky Home*, *Clementine*, and *Yankee Doodle* in excellent English.

The university in Mendoza featured a stable of fine horses for undergraduate use. A South American Wild West show was given in which gauchos daringly handled Argentine beef on the hoof and

(Continued from page 15)

tial dynamite, with its fuse set to go off at the peace. Those thousands within the enemy countries will be waiting with outstretched hand to take up the task where it left off when the war began. It is the only bond of fellowship left among the youth of all the world!

And think this over: the first big international gathering after the last war—in 1926—was the great World's Christian Endeavor Convention held in London's Crystal Palace; to that conference came 1000 Germans to cry "We Choose Christ" and to listen in Christian thoughtfulness to messages from Ramsey MacDonald and Lloyd-George, who but a few short months before had been their arch-enemies! The first great international gather-

demonstrated a novel sport: basketball on horseback. After their tribute at the statue of San Martin, the club prepared, like that great leader, to cross the Andes.

The Yale Glee Club gave four concerts in Santiago de Chile. So thick was the crowd around the hall that the club had to form a football wedge to gain entrance. It sang its first number to the tinkle of breaking glass—students locked out were entering via windows. Here in Chile, despite the evidences of German influence, were offered the same friendliness and extraordinary courtesies met elsewhere. Massed military bands played a special concert for the Yale visitors. A male chorus, organized by Juan Orrego after his trip to the United States (the only male chorus heard on the tour), sang most creditably. Nowhere were the girls prettier or more charming than in Santiago.

"Met a perfectly gorgeous blonde," exults a diary-keeper. "She promised to answer my letters. (P.S. back in the United States—She has! I've gotten three letters from her. But just found out Paul got three letters from her, too. Ah, women!"

Valparaiso and another concert. Marching songs on the way to the ship, with a large and delighted following. In Lima, Peru, there were twice as many applications for tickets for the concert as there were seats in the hall. A visit to San Marcos, oldest university in the Western Hemisphere, where many North American students were attending summer courses. Parties, invitations, promises. . . . "Come back again." . . .

Given half a chance, the mutual aloofness of four centuries between the American countries, can soon be ended.

On the last lap of its 13,000-mile journey, the club sailed northward. The Panama Canal defenses had brought back the shadow of war, forgotten for most of the journey. The next songs these young men (average age 21) will sing will be in time to marching feet. But the songs of peace and of fellowship were better—songs such as many Yale Glee Clubs before them had sung when Barty led them through Europe—songs exchanged with the Scandinavians, the Czechs, the Hungarians, yes, and with the Germans, before the Nazis disbanded the "*Saengerschaften*." That bridge of songs was broken. But the bridge recently begun between us and our brother nations in the Americas can endure, must endure—a structure built of music breathed into the air.

ing in Germany after that War was the World's Christian Endeavor Convention in Berlin in 1930; that one listened to a personal Christian greeting to the German people from President Doumergue of France, and a message from Von Hindenburg to the People of France! That is no myth; it happened.

I say that is tremendous. I say it can happen again, that it must happen again. I say that one of the brightest hopes we have for a just and durable peace when this shambles is over is that we have right now all over the world literally thousands of Christian Endeavorers who are shouting above the din of war, "We Choose Christ." They are even more glorious than my poilu of '17. He was almost hopeless. They are militant!

God in Heaven, may this thing prosper!

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

(Continued from page 29)

hear what a pastor could tell him. In Alexandria, Louisiana, he drifted into the pastor's office, and after carefully turning the key in the door, tried to describe the sensation of fear. In San Antonio, after an hour or two of radio reports, he sat quietly in a corner. There the pastor found him and thirty or forty of his fellows, and after phoning the pastor of a local congregation, took them to the church and gave them communion. At Wilmington, North Carolina, the service pastor talked out the night with an anxious circle of boys who had been told they would leave next morning for God knew where. When he got to his office next morning, one of the San Antonio service pastors found a half dozen letters already waiting for him from parents who had written him asking what would become of their sons. When the Japs fell on Pearl Harbor, the service pastors were not caught unprepared.

The Centers aren't just pastors' offices with waiting room attached. Each of them seems to have added something of its own, according to the interests of their men. On the top floor of the San Antonio Center is a gym. In the corner, surrounded by more pictures than you can shake a stick at, is the desk of the Center's athletic director, Carl Lux. With his dumbbells and barbells, Carl Lux is ready to rebuild anybody. And he can. He lifted weights and performed gymnastic specialties on the U. S. Olympic team of 1924. He has appeared in Ripley's Believe It or Not four times, and like a good champion has the clips to prove it right on the wall over his desk. Hundreds of service men are signed up for his fitness program, which guarantees big biceps in three months. At Norfolk, the Center's top floor is given over to a ham radio station and a photographic dark room, both fanatically patronized by blue-jackets, one of whom brought in the dials and batteries from which the amateur station grew. Now the pastors are trying to get up a sending speed of sixteen words a minute, so they can get ham licenses too.

Near practically every military camp or base in the country, the Lutherans now have a working program for service men. The Lutheran Service Centers are there to see that the boys who need and want it can have a spiritual ministry of the kind they traditionally associate with their church. Because there is nothing else like them, the Lutheran Centers have also been able to serve many more than Lutheran boys. What they have done is to create in the draftees' strange new world an atmosphere that is reassuring because familiar. It recalls home—mother, father, church, school, and the pastor. Every boy drawn to this atmosphere is at home in the Service Center. In the place itself he finds a decent quiet and absence of disciplining restraint that he will find welcome if he is accustomed to that sort of thing. In the other fellows there he finds his own type—and friends. In the pastor, he finds a man who is there to help him without being obtrusive, and who makes him aware sooner or later that when he has something on his mind, the pastor is a man who cares about his problems, who will hear him understandingly, and who, being worthy of his confidence, is naturally his friend.

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(Continued from page 23)

forgotten the power that swings into action when you are not working for yourself but letting God work through you.

But he wasn't imagining this; it was happening. Cape Cod was going all out for God and Country.

WOCB, Cape Cod's own radio station, not only began to carry the news items of where the next Civilian Offense mass meetings were to be held, but signed off its news program with the Cape Cod prayer. When the radio stops chewing gum long enough to pray, "Father, Thy Will Be Done Through Me," something is happening!

And then the Plan got into the movies! Yes, you read it correctly, I said, the movies. When you go to the movies of an evening now on the Cape, you see a strange thing. After the news reel, the curtains on the stage close quietly and there is a moment's silence from the blaring loudspeaker. And in that hush, the stage curtains swing open again and without comment these seven words are flashed on the screen, "Father, Thy Will Be Done Through Me." There is another impressive moment of complete silence—and then the show goes on. But everyone in the audience knows that God has been invited to one movie house, at least.

Walter Dwyer told me about this, early one morning in a Boston hotel. Both of us had to get up at 5:30 in the morning in order to get a train to get us together, the gas and tire situation being what it is. But Mr. Dwyer was radiating vitality when I met him. He is a big man, who was an athlete at Columbia, and anyone who called him names had better do it over the telephone for his big fist looked like it could pack a wallop. He is a man's man and certainly not one who is afraid to fight. But he feels that physical combat is not enough to beat the vicious Nazi or Japanese propaganda weapons.

"We must draw on God as well."

He shifted one big leg over the other and smiled at me. "The Nazis pray 'Hitler's will be done'. Why shouldn't we pray for God's will to be done? If we mean it with half the fanaticism with which they believe in the little man with the mustache, great things are ahead. There isn't a Protestant, Jew or Catholic in this great country who can't back this forward drive to win for God."

An interesting thing happened when Mr. Dwyer presented the Plan before the student body of the Hyannis State Teacher's College. "Folks are always complaining about the colleges making for atheism," Mr. Dwyer told me. "Well, I wish they could have stood there on the platform beside me that morning!"

"After I had finished outlining the Plan, the president of the college told the student body that they could either take action then, indorsing the Plan or refer it to their student council."

"Those who wish to refer the Plan say 'Aye,'" he said. Deep silence. "Those who wish to endorse the Plan to pray thrice daily for God's will to be done through us, say, 'Aye.'" There was a shout that filled the hall. Then the young people voted to send the Plan to every college in New England!"

The younger children on the Cape are marching on too. The chief of police at

Dennis suggested that this prayer be integrated with the Boy Scout aim for the year of "Be Strong For America" and this is in the process of being worked out. Little folks and big folks, Cape Cod is showing the way back to the God of our forefathers. It was they who put *In God We Trust* upon our coins and in our national motto. Is this any different from the prayer of the new Pilgrims, "Father, Thy will be done through me?" Here is the very heart of what we mean by being American—uniting by free will for the common good.

That is why the Cape Cod Plan has leaped the barriers of the state of Massachusetts and is sweeping the country. Without any financial backing, without any paid advertising, the Plan is capturing the hearts of patriotic Americans.

So not only civilians but our armed forces are adopting the thrice daily prayer for God's guidance. Boys in service in Australia, South Africa, Iceland, Newfoundland, and New Zealand and in our training camps at home have signed up for the Cape Cod Plan. It's a little less lonesome and strange if you know when the folks at home are praying, you are praying too.

One woman who was using the Plan wrote from Florida to Mr. Dwyer, saying, "Among the friends to whom I have spoken of it (The Plan) is a young man of twenty-eight who has recently joined the Navy, leaving at home his wife and small son and a frail father whose burdens in business the son has largely carried for a number of years. While home, he was superintendent of the Sunday School of the Methodist Church at Delray and used that prayer as the closing benediction in his service, the school repeating it too. I had a letter from him recently, written soon after his quarantine days were over and the adjustment to the new environment had begun. And he spoke of how he used the prayer himself each day and found it helpful."

The armed forces at home are praying too. "The Harwich company of the Massachusetts State Guard are probably the first unit of our armed forces to use the Cape Cod prayer," says Mr. Dwyer. Prayer on the Cape, in the camps, in the homes and in the churches of America, and on our world-wide battle front . . .

I have left the discussion of what the churches of America are doing with the Cape Cod Plan until the last because it is perhaps the most fascinating angle of the whole amazing story. For the first time in history all creeds have found a job big enough, simple enough, and truly religious enough so that Protestant, Catholic and Jew can pull together.

"Father, I saw you walking down the street with the Methodist minister!" gasped one parishioner to the Catholic priest recently.

The priest's eyes twinkled. "I was on my way to the ministers' meeting," he confessed. He meant the union meeting of all Protestant clergymen where he and a rabbi were to talk about the Plan. No wonder things are happening in churches all over Cape Cod! The Methodist Church at Harwich had a sign made and put up on the front lawn, **FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE THROUGH ME**, just to remind the new Pilgrims of their promise. Rev. Henry C. Newell, pastor

of the Harwich Congregational Church where Mr. Dwyer is a leading member, often uses the seven words as a part of his Sunday morning ritual.

Today ministers all over the country are using the Cape Cod prayer in their churches. The idea has spread like a brooding spirit, instead of poison gas. Rev. Horace F. Holton, president of the Massachusetts Council of Churches and pastor of the Porter Congregation Church in Brockton, Mass., wrote Mr. Dwyer:

"I have been using the Prayer in my church service, having the congregation repeat with me each Sunday just before the Pastoral Prayer. . . .

"It seems to me the perfect prayer for people to repeat as individuals and in company. It should be repeated thoughtfully and sincerely, not mechanically. It should be so used as to become part of peoples' lives. It is a simple expression of what the prayer life should be."

Is there any reason why every church in every state should not so dedicate itself to God and Country?

Already an impressive list of church leaders have endorsed the Cape Cod Plan, including Rev. Ralph Timberlake, president of the Massachusetts Congregational Conference; Rev. Robert Cummins, General Superintendent, Universalist General Convention; Rev. Isaac Higgenbotham, General Secretary, Massachusetts Baptist Convention; Rt. Reverend Henry K. Sherrill, Episcopal Bishop of Massachusetts; Rev. Frederick May Eliot, President American Unitarian Association, Boston; Dr. Ralph Sockman, a leading Methodist clergyman in New York City; Dr. Franklin Dunham, Executive director, National Catholic Community Service, Washington, D. C.; John Randall Dunn, President of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston; Frank Weil, President National Jewish Welfare Board, New York City—and many, many other leaders in religious and patriotic thought.

And, last, but decidedly not least, our own Dr. Poling of *Christian Herald*.

Will you get at least seven other people to pray these seven words of power too? If you wish to go on record for the Cape Cod Plan, sign your name on the slip at the end of this article, and get your pastor to sign his name too, so that you may cooperate in working out the Plan in your church and in your community. . . and then tear off the slip and mail it to *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, New York. There are no dues, no organization; all you do is to pray. And get others to pray too.

"Unless the spiritual morale of our people is maintained, we cannot hope for a real victory," says Rev. Isaac Higgenbotham. "Without that spiritual morale, even military victory would be in vain."

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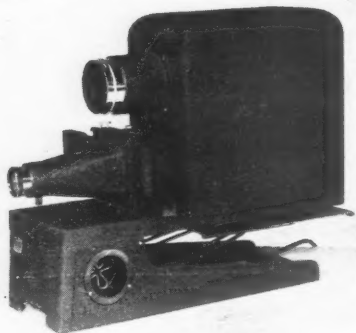
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(Continued from page 33)

corner saloon as being rather flat entertainment, lacking in excitement for anybody who wants a good time. They might even run into some of the hard-riding young punchers who had decided to "link up with an outfit" which talked a cowboy's own language by helping to start God's Herd.

Every Sunday night, the young people discuss the regular BYPU topic, applying the great world truths of the Bible to local conditions out here in the Sand Hills. On Thursday evenings, there are varied programs: sometimes a discussion group with recreation and fellowship; sometimes the young people devote the evening to specialized handicraft including fancy work for the girls and woodcraft for the boys. "It's more fun to make something with your hands than to drink poison out of a bottle," was the way that one youth put it after he had spent his first evening working with hammer and wood.

Basketball games are sponsored by the Parson and the BYPU during long winter months when bitter winds and driving snow often make impassable the rough trails which serve the Sand Hills for roads. "Our plans also envision sewing classes for girls as soon as machines can be secured, work benches and tools for boys so that they can learn manual arts," says Mr. Clyde. "It may be possible that classes in cooking will also be developed for the girls. This will enable us to supplement the purely textbook education given by our rural schools with their limited facilities."

At least once each week, the Parson drives out in his bumpy old flivver to some rural school where he visits its boys and girls. Four of the schools in his territory have monthly "literary" programs; he and his wife try to be at every one of them. Often, they are called upon to judge school literary and athletic contests. His denomination thinks so much of his work with youth that it has made him the director of its annual State Baptist Boys' Camp for Nebraska.

Using books donated by friends and church organizations in other areas, Parson Clyde has started a free loan library—the only public library in that stretch of the Sand Hills. Part of the books are kept in the recreation center where they are available to the young people and their parents; part of them are carried out by the Parson in his flivver to the rural teachers who circulate them among their pupils and the families in their particular communities.

Until Mr. Clyde started making good literature accessible to his far-flung neighbors, many a Sand Hill family never saw any books but the school texts, the mail order catalogue, and the almanac hanging from a nail on the wall.

A lot of people have been puzzled because the Sand Hill Parson has been able to do so much on so little money. Sometimes, the lack of money has worried him too. But he believes that the cowpuncher's formula of "faith and fresh air" helps work out a lot of problems which seem never to be solved by harassed individuals in our congested, commercialized cities.

Parson Clyde thought about this problem of money as he drove around in his

flivver making his pastoral calls. He had plenty of time to think since it takes an hour to drive fifteen miles along these sand swept trails.

Then, he says, "One morning right out of the blue, two words flashed across my mind — 'God's Herd!' I almost shouted! To be sure! That's it! It grows right out of the Sand Hills! Cattle! Men out here understand that kind of language."

Parson Clyde went to see two of his neighbors. Sand Hill fashion, he laid the proposition "straight on the line" to them. They liked his man-to-man approach and liked the idea. One gave a young cow and the other a heifer calf. His third prospect considered the proposition for a few minutes, then drawled:

"I'll come in on that, Clark. I believe that's one way of helping to get rid of some of the cussedness out here in these hills."

By the time this article is published, Parson Clyde will have probably held the dedication service for God's Herd. It's a safe guess that everybody in that end of Cherry County and the adjacent Dakota "spill" will be present at the little Baptist church when the herd is dedicated.

The punchers who come to Kilgore on Saturday afternoon to crunch crackers and eat peaches do a lot of arguing. But they agree on one thing.

They say that Parson Clyde is thoroughbred like the steers which they wrangle from Cherry County "clear over into Dakota."

(Continued from page 17)

was now caught in the growing tumult of chaos and anarchy. Today the Russian Army is not what it was in 1917. It is a well-disciplined body under commanding officers whose authority is unquestionable. Stalin, moreover, is not a Kerensky, and whatever the anti-Communists may think of him, he is the most popular man in Soviet Russia. The Russian masses have always been hero-worshippers. They worshiped the Tsar—little Father—till the Revolution; Lenin was and is the object of their almost fanatical devotion; they worship Stalin today.

It is not Communism for which the Russian masses fight; it is their native land so devastated by the invader. Their ancestors defended it against the Tartars, the Poles and the Swedes, and Napoleon. Now it is their destiny to defend it against Hitler. China during five thousand years of her civilization always absorbed her aggressors, making them Chinese. Russia throughout ten centuries of her existence always finally destroyed the invader. Stalin envisions his armies on German soil, and certainly if the Germans begin to roll back, nothing will stop the infuriated Red fighters from a revenge in which the newly formed Polish Army under General Anders will take a mighty part. Hitler will be forced to pay for all his crimes against Poland and Russia.

Whatever happens, Russia will not desert her Allies, particularly now that she has their assurance that they will not desert her. They have a common cause which may prove to be the fire that will melt out the dross of years of ideological misunderstanding and distrust.

(Continued from page 31)

their differences. A person who knows far more about music than do I, has pointed out that one of the things which has made Bach so universally loved is that he wrote his music at home. He wrote for various members of a large family circle. And he often had to write in, or within sound of, the kitchen where pots and pans were being used and scoured and occasionally dropped, where his numerous children were running in and out. Bach was not sheltered, segregated, superior, aloof, like the young man in Punch's memorable cartoon who is pictured lolling in a hammock swung between two trees on an English lawn. He has a pencil and some blank paper in his hand, and he is calling to the old gardener who is cutting the grass, "I say, Thomas, would you mind working farther away, I'm trying to write an ode on the 'Dignity of Labor' and I can't get on with it while you're mowing this lawn."

Which are we more like, Bach or that young man? Can we keep a Christlike glow in a crowded kitchen or do we have to drive others away in order to feel the dignity of man and the glory of God?

God keep America from class churches and snobbish piety. The saints who hold the affections of the world are men like Francis of Assisi who learned to love and help the lepers, men like William Booth of the Salvation Army who could form a saintly circle of outcasts on any dingy street corner, or men like the late Sir Wilfred Grenfell who could keep a warm heart and radiant smile among the fisher-folk of frozen Labrador. Henry George, the social worker and tax reformer, was once in conversation with Cardinal Manning of England. Said the Cardinal to Mr. George, "I came to love my fellow men because I first loved Christ." Replied Mr. George, "I came to love Christ because I first loved my fellow men." Love works both ways. We may start out like Cardinal Manning with a mystic adoration of our Lord and then learn that such love is meaningless unless it eventuates in love for our brother men. Or we may set out like Henry George, the social reformer, to serve our fellows and then find that to relieve man's highest needs we must reach up for help which "leaps life's narrow bars to claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven." Whichever way we start, the circle is the same—God in Christ, my brother and myself.

We talk much today—and rightly—about national unity. Then let us maintain and multiply these charmed circles. In this bitter time it is so easy to rally people around their hatreds, to play on fears, to organize against some nation, some race, some class. Such anti-groups spring up like mushrooms after every fresh rain of fear. To counteract all this, let us cultivate the circles of mutual help—in the home, which is love's first laboratory, in our friendships, which fortify the spirit with sympathy and service, in our churches, which are a fellowship of those who love for the sake of those who suffer. And remember, when we do meet on the level of our highest interests, there is a higher Comrade who comes to join us. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." This is His promise.

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING



Drivin' Woman, by Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier. (The Macmillan Co., 652 pp., \$2.75.) Publication date, June 30. In this over-length novel there comes alive one of the most vivid personalities of contemporary fiction. America Moncure is a woman as vivid as a desert sunset. In her are united the qualities of the after-war generation of Southern women who "with nothing left but their brains, their beauty and their breeding, hewed out distinguished careers in the aggressive eighties and after." How she could have loved the man she married is difficult to understand, but love is like that and this woman's love was as resolute as New Hampshire granite. The novel follows closely the epic fight between Southern farmers and the industrialist. It is authentic industrial history. I like the story and the heroine better than that other distinguished earlier novel in the same tradition. I am not surprised that it has caused great excitement in Hollywood.

Forward the Nation, by Donald Culross Peattie. (281 pp., G. P. Putnam's, \$2.50.) In this volume a great naturalist becomes an even greater romantic historian. No finer book has been written in a long generation. It is descriptive prose poetry at its best. The story of the Indian maiden and child-mother who more than any other one person brought the intrepid explorers, Lewis and Clark, across the North American continent and to the mouth of the Columbia River, becomes a majestic tale under the pen of Mr. Peattie. Nearly every page is made radiant by sentences that are veritable "apples of gold in pictures of silver." What is finer than this? "It made no boast, threw back no light; it went the hard way, sure of itself and slow in proof, mile by clogged and stubborn mile."

Speaking of Lewis: "We have in him the eternal, unresting pathfinder, never able to enjoy the leagues he has put behind him, forever straining toward the next accomplishment. Men like that are the men who have got us as far as we are in civilization. Only they can get us the rest of the way."

Describing the relationship between the white captain and his Indian guide: "Look at them well. They are a man and a woman bound by no tie of flesh, of sentiment, of loyalty, even so loftily in common as the same flag. Sacagawea could not really understand what the fluttering banner stood for, yet when you look at it daily, remember that she put five of the stars in it. She did this, if you like, for the love of a man, a white man. But it was a love as pure and clear and cold as the sources of Missouri and Columbia."

The complete final chapter is written of the year 1884, when Sacagawea died. She

has her last resting place beneath a monument on which is the simple inscription, "Sacagawea, a guide with the Lewis and Clark Expedition." Her greater monument is a mountain peak of the Wind River range, where, when the snows melt a little in the brief summer, the Alpine wild flowers grow at the foot of the glaciers. She loved these flowers and it is recorded that of them she said, "They are the spirits of those children whose footsteps have passed from the earth, but reappear each spring to gladden the pathway of those now living."

The Moon Is Down, by John Steinbeck. (188 pp., Viking Press, \$2.00.) John Steinbeck has never done a finer thing. It is the story of the war in any occupied country, a vivid, biting allegory that lives in those who suffer—nor is all the suffering done by the conquered.

Paul Revere: The World He Lived In, by Esther Forbes. (510 pp., Houghton Mifflin Company, \$3.75.) The author presents brilliantly Paul Revere as incomparably more than a figure on horseback. Here is his full-length portrait as the handy man of the Revolution who helped to plant the Tree of Liberty and lived to enjoy its fruits. It is written with a punctilious regard for history, but with a pen that makes history live and move upon a stream of romance. Never has Boston of the Eighteenth Century been more vividly drawn. Paul Revere and his people and the world in which they live sweep across these pages with the vitality of mystic purpose.


Study in Revelation, by Howard B. Rand. (384 pp., Destiny Publishers, \$3.50.) To those who are captured by the inexhaustible mysteries of the Book of Revelation, this volume is presented as "a gateway to its knowledge and understanding." The author believes that the climax of God's great plan is now rapidly approaching. It is honestly written and profoundly moving. It pays careful regard to the historical background and evidences a passionate concern to "correctly divide the Word of Truth." A volume for either continuous reading or continuing research.

The Place Where Thou Standest, by Paul Scherer. (176 pp., Harper & Bros., \$1.50.) Twenty-five sermons from one of the most popular religious speakers on the air and one of the most distinguished ministers of greater New York. Each sermon is vital, dynamic and inspiring. It goes to the heart not only of the individual but to the center of the world crisis. Paul Scherer believes that Jesus Christ has the answers.

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(Continued from page 35)

there, the place seemed deserted, but they decided to look around, hoping to find him about the barn or garden. Benny ran into the stable and came out drawing a letter from an envelope that he had found on the floor. It read—"Guard the pass at twelve Monday night." There was no signature. The envelope was addressed to Hiram Grant in large, neat handwriting and was postmarked Enterprise, and dated the Friday before. The writing seemed so familiar, "Just like Harry's" she said to herself, "But surely it can't be." She put it back where he had found it.

She walked out toward the grove back of the barn, and noticed some hoofprints of cattle in the soft ground where the mountain trail diverged from the slightly used road that led to his barn. She remembered that he never kept cows, for he had said to her once, "I detest cows. I do my milking from tin cans."

The trail seemed to have been used more than would be supposed, by occasional hunters.

She felt sure she had discovered the trail of the cattle thieves leading into Idaho, and was in a fever of excitement. She determined at any hazard, to watch and learn the truth.

On Monday she told Benny he need not come down to sleep that night as usual, for she was going away.

About eleven o'clock she reached the junction where Hiram's road diverged from the main traveled road. She turned to her right and worked her way down to the creek, through a half mile of thorn and straggling pine.

When she thought she was nearly to the ford, she tied Bird and walked the remaining distance. The thorn bushes along the bank tore savagely at her flesh and caught her hair. She had long since lost her hat and her hair was streaming down her back. She felt the blood dripping down her face, but was so intent upon the object in view, that she was not conscious of any pain. She carefully concealed herself behind the old gnarled pine and waited. She constantly repeated, "Everything works together for good" and God will help me to bear it."

She felt she could not bear to give him up, and especially to such a fate. When she heard the tramping of feet and low voices, a faintness came over her, and she was compelled to grasp the branches for support. The cattle stopped to drink and her mind suddenly cleared. She saw the flash of a blazing match and it lighted up, not ten feet from her, the face of—Lige, the foreman of Rainbow End, Walter's ranch. She almost cried aloud in her surprise.

Lige said in a low tone, "Well, Slim, it looks like we're gonna make a good getaway this time. This is the best bunch we grabbed yet. When we get these through it'll total fifty this year. The Boss ought to be gettin' rich."

Slim answered, "Yes, that's so, but I don't like this sneakin' business and I'm gonna quit."

The cattle moved on and the voices died away in the distance. From sheer relief and gratitude, she sank to the ground, and it was some time before her wobbly legs could carry her back to Bird.

(To be continued)

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(Continued from page 37)

waterfall. Beyond was a higher ridge. His boots were almost in the tree tops when he swept across and—His heart jumped when he saw it. A narrow cleared strip cut through the jungle growth.

A down-draft of wind dropped him onto a rock slope, rolling, the chute dragging him to the bottom before it collapsed. He jerked the harness buckles free and staggered up, driven by his sense of racing against time.

Grabbing a rock, he ran along the strip of clearing. Here the crude-oil pipe line lay beside a narrow truck road from Granada to the coast. In the valley bottom it sagged before slanting up to Ascension Pass. In the sag was a drain plug. He began to hammer with the rock on the square edges of the top where a wrench would fit. It turned and he kept it turning, until, with a roar of tremendous pressure the plug shot out in a stream of green-black oil.

This was the hope he'd had. As he sprang back and started along the road he could picture what was happening. He had telegraphed on ahead for help. With the line pressure gone, pumps were racing even now in the station on top of Ascension Pass. A truck crew would be sent to find the trouble.

In the cloud mist that poured through Ascension Pass and flowed on along the mountain, the repair truck carrying tools and welding gear crept beside the pipe line.

Two men rode in the cab, five stood back on the flat bed. All had guns holstered in belts around their khaki trouser tops, for this might be only another trick of the Motilones.

But suddenly the driver, watching the road, jammed on his brakes. "Look!" he gasped. "What on earth—"

Bill Martin heard the voices; felt the hands that grabbed him and lifted him onto the truck's flat bed.

"I'm all right!" he managed. "Get back to the station... quick!"

When the truck had turned around, roaring to the summit of the pass, and his throat no longer felt like sandpaper, he said, "There's a plane down. I want to telephone on to camp." He lay back—someone had put a folded coat beneath his head—and for a little while exhaustion was like a drug.

Then a man bent above him. "Bill. We're here."

He struggled up and they moved to help him, but he said, "I'm okay now."

Inside the huge sheet-iron pump house he cranked the Granada office on the telephone. The dispatcher answered.

"Ed." Bill asked, "has Barney come back?" The company transport plane and its pilot had gone off on a surveying flight today. He knew that. But he had hoped...

The dispatcher's voice was in his ear. "No, Bill. Barney's still out. What—"

"Wait!" he cut in. "Wait a minute." He stood numb. It might be hours before Barney Roach came back. All his plan had been fixed upon the transport. It took this groping moment for him to give that up and find another way.

"Ed!"

"Yes?"

"Get Stewart on the line!"

Waiting, he saw again the first recon-

naissance he had made with Andy, photographing and mapping the Granada concession from the air. They had used a jeep for that, able to hover on its whirling wings while they spotted locations for their oil derricks, marked the best routes through the jungle for their roads. And Stewart, a thorough man on any job, had learned to fly the jeep himself. For months now the machine had been idle in the Granada hangar. But it would go...

"Bill!" Stewart's voice came sharply. "Where are you?"

"Ascension Pass," he said. "Andy, Helen's down." He talked fast. "No time to explain. I'd counted on sending the transport to hunt for her. That's out. But now if you bring the jeep you might get through to me here. Then we can go on."

"You bet!" Stewart answered; and even before the connection clicked off, Bill heard his rough voice giving orders.

With the pumps stopped, there was left only the bang and rattle of wind on the station's corrugated iron. Wind had never grated on his nerves before. He sent the pipe gang down to plug the line. He tried to check the daily oil charts, and not think. But he couldn't keep a tormenting vision from his eyes... her plane crashed... or the Motilones finding a white girl. In time it drove him restlessly outside. And then in the silence, the cold mist sweeping against his face, he heard Andy coming.

The motor had a ragged sputter. The autogyro was old. He kept his eyes low and saw the whirling blades first, then the plane rising and settling as Stewart felt his way. Directly overhead the machine pivoted into the wind and came straight down.

As the wheels touched, the blades still whirling, Bill crouched and ran toward the helmeted head jutting above the open front cockpit where there were places for two. Another single-place cockpit was behind.

Stewart's grim mouth beneath a clipped gray mustache moved, shouting, "Did she crash?" His tortured gray eyes peered through round goggles.

"I didn't see her land," Bill yelled, climbing in beside him. "Head west over the valley!"

He found a spare helmet, glasses and an automatic pistol in the side pouch, and felt the jeep's quick rise and pivoting motion as he got them on.

They were in the air, moving with the flow of mist close to the ground, taking only minutes now to follow down the mountain's curve where he had made his long upward climb. When they sank beneath the clouds over the valley he waved Andy south, saw the waterfall far below and after that the jutting plateau. He waved again, ahead toward the pass.

They skimmed through between the sheer rock walls, in mist once more, then out of it on the far side. Bill raised himself to the cockpit rim, searching on past the jeep's short wing. He had told her she would have open country to land in. That was how he had remembered it. But the open country, he saw now, like prairie land, was far out from the base of the mountains. The slope itself was covered with a black forest of pine.

At his side, Stewart turned a grimly questioning face.

"She's here!" Bill yelled. "Somewhere!"

He kept watch on ahead until the slope

flattened beneath them, and there were deep, open bays reaching into the forest where the prairie began. His eyes were straining; even so, he would not have seen the ship.

But suddenly he caught a round white spot in one of the deep bays. He shouted, "Look!" pointing. The girl was smart. She had opened a chute and spread it on the ground!

Stewart nodded, cut the motor and began to settle with short bursts of power. Bill pulled off his helmet and fogged glasses, and saw the plane then, small and flat, almost at the dark edge of trees. Holding to the gyro's center support, he leaned far out to look straight down.

The next moment, lower now, everything below taking shape, it was as if a stream of brown bugs had poured from the forest. They swarmed toward the plane, broke suddenly and scattered. He couldn't see the flashes of her gun. But she must be shooting from the cabin. How long had she been holding them off! He grabbed his own automatic and sent three shots downward.

The scattered brown men halted, their faces turned up, and he could feel the awe that must be holding them as this queer thing came twisting out of the air. Yet before the jeep's wheels touched, they started to move, running past the girl's plane, coming on. He saw their bows lifted in front of their naked bodies, and turned his automatic into the swarm. Then the jeep's wheels had touched. It went trundling toward them, the motor bursting into a roar, the great blades whirling. They broke again and fled.

The grounded plane was close. He leaped from the cockpit and saw the door swing open. The girl jumped out, then Drake, running across the little remaining space. As she came first he grabbed her, lifting her into the cockpit seat behind Andy Stewart. He gave Drake a hand, boosted him into the place at Stewart's side.

In this moment his eyes weren't on the Motilones. He had his right foot on the short wing, his left leg swinging to the rear cockpit rim, when close to his head there came a scream of warning. He felt a hand grip his shoulder and hold him down. Something struck the whirling vanes above him and dropped.

The jeep was already turning, jolting along the open ground. The girl's strong grip held him as he hauled himself on up and crowded into the space beside her.

He saw the Motilones then beyond the tail. Too late, a second flight of black-tipped arrows fell short of the rising plane.

Breathless, Bill Martin could only sink down into the narrow seat and take the girl onto his lap. He felt her rigid tightness, until suddenly, as if every nerve had snapped in her, she dropped against him, limp and quiet in his arms.

On that hop across a spur of the mountains to the Granada landing field they couldn't talk above the motor's clatter. The kind of talk Bill Martin wanted wasn't to be yelled. Then on the field a swarm of camp men waiting there cut him off from her. It was not until after dark, dinner time, that he saw her again. And in these two hours since they had landed he had begun to wonder if he had not anticipated too much. She was safe. Their

(Continued on page 58)



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(Continued from page 57)

little time of closeness, faced with danger on the cliff, was past. What more did he expect?

He didn't know just when she slipped outside with Howard Drake. Over the coffee he had been drawn into talk with one of his men. They must have been gone some time when he missed them. Then he saw Howard coming in, alone.

His young, smooth face was a little flushed. "You're wanted, Bill," he said, "outside."

She made only a small vague shape in the darkness of the long vine covered porch. Slowly Bill Martin walked toward her. "Well," he said and stopped close to her, his arms held stiffly at his sides. "Is that all?" she asked, when he said nothing more.

"What else?"

"Dad's flying north tomorrow, back to the States. Howard wants to go with him. I don't." She paused, and he saw that she was smiling, her eyes shining in the dark. "I came down here to find out something. I've only just begun. But you're the boss of this camp. No one can stay here without your permission. Isn't that the rule?"

Bill Martin waited, stopped by the sudden breathless racing of his heart. "Yes," he said at last, "it is. And there's another. A strict one." He began to grin. "No unmarried women. I make them go out to Buenaventura—in a truck—and get married within twenty-four hours."

"You mean—Bill!"

She was in his arms then, crushed against him, and it was a long moment before she spoke again. Her voice came softly, a little laughing murmur, "A wedding trip in a truck! I'll love it. It's so safe!"

(Continued from page 41)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 16

READ I CORINTHIANS 16:10-18

SOMETIMES defeat may come to the Christian unexpectedly. Without discerning it, he may be losing touch with Christ. He may be unconsciously declining in the measure of devotion. Then failure strikes. Let us be on constant guard, and by maintaining our spiritual health, keep the foes of the soul afar.

Save us from self-complacency and ease, from worldliness and unbelief, from disobedience to Thy known will.

MONDAY, AUGUST 17

READ II CORINTHIANS 9:1-15

WE MUST meet reverses and failure. That is inevitable. Yet we need not allow either to embitter us, or rob us of our power to succeed eventually. Faith overcomes the world. Trust leads to triumph. Through Christ we shall do valiantly.

Flood our hearts with hope's light. So shall our doubts and fears, our discouragement and dread, be banished.

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 18

READ ACTS 17:1-9

TO SOME people, this is a topsyturvy world. One man says that he "blows on his fingers to warm them, and on his coffee to cool it; that summer heat makes us sleepy in daytime, and sleepless at night." How about making the best of what we cannot help, and while keeping silent about what we dislike, speaking freely about what is gladdening and good?

Forgive our blindness to the blessings Thou dost give and our keenness to count what Thou dost withhold. Make us thankful, through Christ Jesus.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19

READ JOSHUA 24:13-18

WHAT a wonderful country this is. Not only in population, in natural resources, in industry, but viewed from any angle, it is a land to love. But it is not all these things which make a nation great. It is the love of God and the honoring of His will.

For the sacrifice of our forefathers, for the great heritage we have received, make us thankful and faithful. Amen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 20

READ PROVERBS 17:1-10

IS IT worth while to keep honest, honorable, and true? Think over this: "It is better only a crust to get, or to have no crust at all, than to live and fret with a vain regret, and the heart beneath a pall." This unknown writer endorses the Bible's counsel to pursue nothing that robs us of peace of mind and honor.

Strengthen us, O God, that we may seek ever to live acceptably in Thy sight. Through Christ Jesus, Amen.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 21

READ JOHN 12:20-26

THE small acorn is not the only miracle in nature. Some tiny seeds were shown to a visitor in California. Imagine his astonishment when he was told they came from the giant redwoods which stand three hundred feet, and are more than a hundred feet around. So the Gospel grows. So the kingdom spreads. Lift up your hearts.

With the assurance that our Saviour's kingdom shall come, move us to more devoted and faithful service.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22

READ ROMANS 2:1-11

IT IS no sign of genius to find fault with other people just for the sake of showing one's own superiority. The better way, the Christian way, is to show the Christian way by living it. Example is better than precept, and concrete discipleship is the best argument for righteous living.

Kindle in our hearts a desire to commend Thy love and by Thy standards for man's life, help us to conform to Thy will. Through Christ, Amen.

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 23

READ PROVERBS 1:1-10

THAT famous thinker, John Ruskin, says, "Education does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave . . . It means training them into perfect exercise and kingly control of their bodies and their souls." In other words, Christianity is not concerned only with helping men to die, but also in showing and helping them how to live.

"Teach me, O Lord, Thy holy way, and give me an obedient mind, that in Thy service I may find my soul's delight from day to day." Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 24

READ PHILIPPIANS 3:7-15

LIFE for the Christian is like an upward climb. But, says one, "There's a beautiful view at the top of the hill, if the will be yours to climb. There's always a light and a rift in the clouds to disclose the peaks sublime. The road may be rough; you may blow and puff; but never your mind. You'll be scaling the bluff. Then yours is the view at the top of the hills if you've but the will to climb." Resolve that, dissatisfied with present attainment in the Christian life, you will follow the Christ to the heights.

Create in our hearts, O Saviour, a holy discontent with ourselves and our attainments. So shall we mount to life's higher planes. Through Thy help, Amen.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 25

READ I CORINTHIANS 10:6-13

ALONG the south shores of Lake Michigan, the sand is continually blowing. It encroaches on the land a few feet farther every year. It engulfs both trees and vegetation. In some spots, only the tops of tall trees can be seen. How desolate! But not more desolate than the life which has allowed the creeping death of unforgiven sin to over-spread it. Prayerlessness, disregard of God's will, carelessness regarding the world's insidious temptations? Yet God can save.

From all evils that assail the soul, against all self-righteousness and neglect of Thy grace, dear Lord deliver us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 26

READ JUDGES 5:16-23

SOME people imagine that they can read their destiny by the stars. Napoleon was one. His horoscope was propitious for his march on Russia. Then the stars led him to Borodino, to Waterloo, and to St. Helena. There is another whose incendiary ambition has set the world on fire. What does he read there? If he used faith and reason, he would know that no man can prevail against the purposes of the Almighty. None, no matter how ruthless, can extinguish the light of the Bright and Morning Star.

Stay our hearts and minds on Thee, O Thou Almighty God. So shall no fear or doubt prevail, but Christ be magnified.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 27

READ PROVERBS 18:16-24

WE HAVE still to gauge the true worth of a friend. "Friendliness," says a sage observer, "pays in a material as well as a spiritual sense. It pays whether one be prince or pauper, minister plenipotentiary or the most menial servant. None can afford to be without it. Friendliness is not a lone star; it is one of a constellation. Its sister stars are kindness, neighborliness, and cheerfulness. They are scarcely less luminous." But in seeking to find friends, look first for the Friend of friends.

"What a friend we have in Jesus, all our sins and griefs to bear; what a privilege to carry everything to God in prayer."

FRIDAY, AUGUST 28

READ II CORINTHIANS 11:23-32

MOST of us read with delight, in childhood's happy days, those playful stories of Aesop. Few of us realize what a triumph they reveal over life's disabilities. Aesop was a Greek slave. Moreover, his body was both deformed and crippled. That did not dim his radiant spirit or his humor. His master freed him, and he then went to the court of Croesus, famous for his vast wealth. The point for us is that which is seen in Paul's discipleship. Through Christ's grace, he kept his faith and courage to the last. That mighty help is within reach of us all.

Grant us daily, O Lord, strength for our tasks. But give us also power to repress our sighs and to shine for Thee.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29

READ PSALM 1

THINK over this. "Nothing more completely baffles one who is full of tricks and duplicity than straightforward and simple integrity. A knave would rather quarrel with a brother knave or a fool than with an honest man. He can conquer a knave by temptation; he can combat a fool with management. But the honest man is to be neither bamboozled or bribed." So tenaciously holding to our principles, doing the right as we see it, being loyal to Christ, that brings blessing and peace.

Guide our feet, O Thou, who art the way, the truth, and the life. Let us in all things strive for Thine approval. Through Thy grace, Amen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 30

READ PSALM 73:23-28

LIFE tends to become lonelier for some as time passes. Their loved ones drop out on the highway. Often circum-

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AUGUST 1942

stances grow more trying and conditions more exacting. It is heartening to recall that, whatever changes may come, whoever may fail us, God is the changeless and unfailing helper of His people. That does not mean that we can relax our efforts to meet our legitimate needs. It does mean, however, that where we cannot help ourselves, where there are spiritual needs which are beyond us, we can count on Him for everything.

Gracious Father, we thank Thee that, through Christ Jesus, we may call Thee by that name. Amen.

MONDAY, AUGUST 31

READ JOHN 4:1-14

THE "Captain's Well" may still be seen in Amesbury, Mass. It was dug by a master mariner. He had been shipwrecked off Arabia, and he and his men had walked miles across burning sands before they were rescued. He made a vow. "And if ever I reach my home again, where earth has springs and the sky has rain, I will dig a well for the passer-by that none shall suffer from thirst as I." Yet there is a thirst of the soul which only Christ can quench. He can—and He will.

O blessed Lord, who didst give the living water to that soul athirst, grant us that boon today. Amen.

(Continued from page 12)

huts of Valley Forge across the Delaware and on to Trenton and Yorktown. It was something infinitely greater. It was love of freedom. The Russian Government in this war has declared that their battle is not against the Germans, or any other people; and Anthony Eden representing Great Britain has endorsed the statement. Governor Harold Stassen of Minnesota, one of America's most prophetic voices, speaking in Chicago in February, 1942, said, "The tremendously important objective of this nation is victory without hate . . . Victory without hate is the key to the peace without bitterness, which alone can become a lasting peace."

In all of this is the realism of "Love your enemies." Not the moment of passion, the abandon of fear and madness, the bayonet thrust of frenzy at the throat when men confront the seasoned hate, the reasoned mood that liquidates a God and renounces his Christ. It is not yet Christian perfection. It is humanity struggling to survive. It is that most sacred thing, personality, battling to win over the twentieth-century deluge of the absolute state. It is the Christian rising to choose defense of freedom as the alternative to slavery, and lifting his eyes from the red hands of his bloody business, lifting them to the cross of redemption and crying out to one who understands. It is Abraham Lincoln's "With malice toward none, with charity for all," . . . "we strive on to finish the work we are in."

Read Frank Mead's trumpet call to service and join the march!

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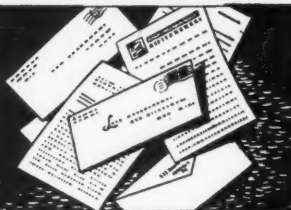
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We open our MAIL



The New Navy Yard Chapel

Fourth Naval District,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor:

In reply to your inquiry as to the name of the architect of the new chapel at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, I am very happy to inform you that this building was designed by the Public Works Department of the Navy Yard under Captain Gaylord Church, Civil Engineer Corps, USN. Ensign William C. Scheetz, Jr., CEC, USNR, had the actual supervision of the design.

Mr. Scheetz, who has been on duty at the Philadelphia Navy Yard since early 1941, is a former member of the firm of Savery, Scheetz and Gilmour, of Philadelphia, the Scheetz in the firm being his father. Ensign Scheetz received his degree at the University of Pennsylvania and is a member of A. I. A.

Sincerely yours,
Scott G. Lamb
Lt. Commander, USN (Ret.)

A photo of this attractive building is reproduced above.

From a Japanese Reader

Arroyo Grande, Calif.

Dear Editor:

I cannot express my appreciation of your keen interest in sending me your wonderful magazine.

Christian Herald is one magazine I would like to take with me wherever we go.

Our family, with the rest of the Japanese remaining in portions of San Luis Obispo, are affected by the new army orders, which in a tremendous upsurge of its evacuation program today ordered 12,800 Japanese removed from parts of California and Washington within the next two weeks.

So we, the evacuees, will be moved to Tulare Assembly Center.

When all the world seems to be in trouble, I really enjoy reading the Daily Meditations for the Quiet Hour, which is in your magazine. Reading it every morning helps give me the strength to face each day more cheerfully. This morning, after reading the Bible, I was happy to know that we are all one in Christ Jesus.

Sincerely yours,
Marie Fuchiwaki

We deeply sympathize with Miss Fuchiwaki, and we are glad to believe that among our Japanese residents are many others who are both loyal Americans and sincere Christians.

Books for Prisoners

Wallkill Prison, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Two months ago a letter was published in your column requesting copies of this magazine and other Christian literature for use of the inmates of this institution. The response to this request was so amazing in volume that I believe this column is ideal for another appeal.

Due to the worthy request for books for the armed forces of our country, the Wallkill Prison Library has become rather depleted. If any of your readers have wholesome, lively books of fiction, biography, or historical novels which they should like to donate, they would be greatly appreciated. They may be addressed to: The Librarian, Wallkill Prison, Wallkill, New York.

Designation of the package as containing books would reduce the postage.

May I take this opportunity of thanking all those Christian people who responded to our former request, and those who will undoubtedly respond similarly to this one.

Sincerely yours,
Osborne Budd, Chaplain
Wallkill State Prison

We are sure our readers will respond to this appeal.

An Open Letter to Christian Chaplains

At Home, United States

Christian Chaplains,
United States Armed Forces,
All Over The World,
Dear Chaplains:

There are many of us girls with smiling faces, who have sent off boy friends to the Armed Forces. Naturally our hearts were not quite so gay, but for some of us it wasn't so much the fact that we knew they might not come back as it was that we knew they hadn't accepted Christ as their Saviour.

Take one of my friends, for instance. I've known him for six years. During that time our friendship has progressed to a degree of perfect understanding. We thoroughly enjoy each other's company and keep up a write-me-when-you-feel-like-it correspondence. Sometimes letters are weekly, sometimes monthly, and some-

times several months pass between letters. We have talked about Christianity, but when we do, the widest seas are between us. We still have a wonderful time together—so long as I don't introduce Christ into the conversation.

On his last furlough, when he was about to leave, I asked him if he had changed his mind. He laughed and accused me of "trying to convert him." So I know now that the less said and the more done on my part is all that's left. By "done" I mean through prayer. God's answers to my prayers so far have been, "Wait, the time is not yet". . . .

I am not by myself, I know. There are other girl friends and even sweethearts, wives and mothers, who approach the Throne of Grace daily to pray for God's protection of their boys, and for His mercy on their souls.

Sincerely,
A Girl Back Home

This beautiful letter was contributed by Miss Martha Reid Bedinger, of Asheville, N. C.

From the Methodist Board of Missions

New York

Dear Editor:

My attention has been called to a paragraph appearing on page ten, April, 1942 number of *Christian Herald*, referring to an amount of money which the "Women's Division of the Methodist Missionary Council" had voted for 1942. I do not know where the information came from but am presuming that this refers to the Woman's Division of Christian Service of the Board of Missions and Church Extension of The Methodist Church. If so, felt you would be interested in the amount which our Division has appropriated for 1942, which happens to be \$3,444,000 for home and foreign missions around the world, rather than the amount which is stated in the April issue of the *Herald*.

This of course does not include what Methodist women do for local church and community projects, which during 1941 exceeded our giving to missions by some million dollars, or about \$4,600,000.

Yours, with appreciation,
Mrs. J. D. Bragg,
President, Women's Division

We are glad to revise our figures upward, and congratulate the Methodist women on this remarkably fine showing.

Honor Father, Too

Decatur, Mich.

Dear Editor:

Your cover design "Gifts from Mother" in May issue of *Christian Herald*, as well as many other similar pictures seen this summer, lead us to think that only mother thinks of and grieves for her dear boy in the service of his country. What about the many fine fathers who also dearly love and surely miss "son" and in many cases, when son is called to the colors, the burden of carrying on without son's help falls heaviest on father. Can't we give father a little more recognition?

A Mother

We heartily concur in these sentiments. Though Father's Day has passed, for this year, let's keep him in mind all the year.

CHRISTIAN HERALD



They are waiting. Can we pass them thru for a vacation?

We Don't Like DISAPPOINTING CHILDREN

500 children are waiting for you to send them to the country away from the heat and danger of the tenement streets. We don't want to disappoint them. We are sure you do not want to disappoint them.

500 children have already been sent to Mont Lawn and are still enjoying all the good things a vacation from the slums means to them,—thanks to you who have already sent us your contribution.

Mont Lawn was ready for its first little guests and is ready now though we hardly knew where we were going to get some of the things needed. For a time it looked as though we might not be able to get the children to the country, for Mont Lawn can only be reached by motor bus. For a time, we wondered whether we were going to find enough grown-ups to give them the care and attention they need. And then we worried about sugar!

Our faith should have been stronger, our faith should be stronger now. But we cannot help being worried. We do not like disappointing little children.

For nearly fifty years Mont Lawn has been the vacation home for the children

of the tenements—this is being the hardest year of our long experience. Our friends are being pressed on every side to give and many of the causes for which funds are being asked are deserving; one could give to all and feel wise in the giving. But Christian Herald Children's Home is your home, our works depend on you—*only you*—for its support. You have never failed us and we do not think you will fail us—disappoint the children—now, but we are worried. Some one else may touch your heart, some work equally deserving.

We even depend on you for new friends, it is through you only that we can make them. Drop us a card and ask us to send our interesting booklet to at least one friend you know who loves little children and will want to help them in their growing toward man- and womanhood. A contribution to Mont Lawn can mean so many things: health-giving food and a chance to see life as it can be lived. These children know only tenement living with its poverty and uncleanness.

Your little guests can learn about Christ and His love for little children—many of them know little or nothing of



Tony earns a little shining shoes



They want more!

church. It is part of our scheme of operation, however, to have a representative group of children in each party who come to us through the Sunday Schools and missions.

8/42

Christian Herald Children's Home
419 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

We are sending you.....
and hope to send you more later.
Please do not disappoint these
children.

Name.....

Address.....

**WILL YOU SEND US WHAT YOU CAN SPARE TODAY AND MORE
LATER? WE NEED YOUR HELP—THE CHILDREN NEED VACATIONS.**

AUGUST 1942

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CAN DICTATORS AND DEMOCRACIES LIVE TOGETHER IN PEACE?

A Five-Part Discussion Outline
for Service Men and Other
Christian Groups

By Bert H. Davis

Edited by Stanley B. Vandersall

Week of AUGUST 2

DEMOCRACY, as we Americans know it, has much in common with Christian faith. Self-government has been a natural result of Protestant beliefs and practices.

Our churches in general strongly emphasize that the person is a child of God the Father, and a brother to all God's children.

Our churches teach that God deals with you and me as individuals, not as cogs in a wheel nor as forgotten men in a multitude. *I count with God* is a fore-runner to the principle *I count in my nation*—my voice and vote count in American government!

How does that affect such matters as the following? (1) The rights and dignity of ordinary men. (2) The responsibility of an individual for what he does. (3) My duty toward my fellow man. (4) My conscience as an influence toward making me a good citizen.

The conflict between the dictators and the democracies begins at this point. The dictators give all power over human lives to a few. The individual is only a cog in a wheel, and like the cog he is not to be heard from nor consulted.

Nazi and Fascist autocrats say to men: "Do not consult your conscience; we'll tell you what you are supposed to do. Do not depend on God to give you counsel and encouragement. Listen to us—to me!"

Week of AUGUST 9

THE law of the land can be a means to preserve freedom and personal rights, or it can be the whip in an oppressor's hands.

The law of a self-governing nation is ridiculed and condemned by every type of dictator. The propaganda that Hitler or Mussolini feeds to his own voiceless people and to any others who will listen is to this effect: "You cannot trust the mob to make good decisions. There will be so many ideas and viewpoints that nothing gets done. The duty of the people is to obey what the self-appointed leaders tell them to do."

The fathers of our Constitution had a progressive and Christian view of the people's rights. They considered that in creating the new government the responsibilities of government must be shared. They said: "Two heads are better than one. A million heads are better than a thousand in managing this country and fixing its policies."

Americans deny that democracy is "government by the mob." Our processes are orderly. Our government includes

checks and balances that permit debate, discussion, and recognition of all points of view. The Four Freedoms (Freedom of Worship, Freedom of Speech, Freedom from Need, Freedom from Fear) are best assured to men by laws and government that operate "with the consent of the governed."

These ways of doing things together, for the good of all, are common to all phases of American life. We are a nation of "joiners," since we ally ourselves for religious and educational purposes, for fellowship, and for political and social ends.

Week of AUGUST 16

"WHAT the dictator does is right!" thunder all the organs of a dictator's country. And who shall say aloud, in those oppressed lands, that the dictator breaks the laws of man and of God?

Not even the Christian church is free to speak against the sin in high places, nor to condemn the injustice and violence done hourly in order to keep the dictator in supreme power.

What this does to the idea of fair play—beginning with the dictator himself and spreading throughout his territories—is indicated in such comparatively trivial ways as this:

"Mussolini openly cheats at tennis," Correspondent Reynolds Packard reports. "It seems he has to win every set, and the score is prefixed at 7-5. Mussolini gathers in the fawning congratulations. 'I am proud to have won,' says he. Mussolini is a habitual foot-faulter. The tennis law says a man must serve from behind the base line and with at least one foot on the ground. Mussolini serves at least two steps beyond the base line."—*New York Herald Tribune*, June 6, 1942.

Notice again that public opinion is even more powerful than regulations and umpires and referees—just as the American code of fair dealing is a better curb to lawlessness than policemen's clubs.

Do we believe that the decent instincts in Germany, Japan, Italy, and other lands will be lost for all time, because of what goes on in those countries today?

Week of AUGUST 23

WHY are millions in uniform, ready and efficient for war-making, in all parts of the world?

Because dictators chose the methods of hate, violence, and warfare in their efforts to advance their interests.

"More living room, more raw materials, more workers to support our economic plan" were the ambitions voiced by Hitler and the Nazis.

"The Mediterranean must be our sea, and our colonial empire must be enlarged," demanded Fascism in Italy.

"All Asia shall be part of Japan's new order," and the British Empire's power must be broken," leaders in Nippon asserted.

"The treasure depots in the Orient are undoubtedly intended for the use of the Oriental nations. If Britain and America stand in our way, we must remove them from our path."—Yoshiaki Otaka, Japan.

Conquests and treasure-hunting campaigns are not a part of the national pur-

poses of the free nations. In fact, colonies and dependencies that were acquired in other epochs were being freed for fuller self-government, in the period prior to the present war.

The United States had a pact with the Filipinos to help them found their own independent government and to continue for a time the necessary economic and military support. The British Empire was becoming the British Commonwealth of Nations, in which a growing number of self-governing units were "in fact, if not always in form, subject to no more compulsion whatever" (Imperial Conference, 1926).

They respect the right of all persons to choose the form of government under which they will live; and they wish to see sovereign rights and self-government restored to those who have been forcibly deprived of them.

In realizing these aims of the peace to come, free nations will have gained something in their mobilization and courageous action against the international pirates and despoilers from Totalitaria.

Week of AUGUST 29

THE early Christian Church was a great assembly of martyrs. In his new devotional book, to be published by the World's Christian Endeavor Union, Chaplain Alva J. Brasted writes:

"Historians tell us that in the Roman Empire no less than nine million Christians suffered martyrdom, in the first two or three centuries. No one can even guess how many thousands, and perhaps millions, in other lands within our day have suffered death because of their Christian faith.

"Thank God, we who live in America may worship God according to the dictates of our own consciences. That in itself helps to hold our moral standards high."

The Christians of whom the chaplain writes were not armed. No secret weapon was theirs. But the manner of their living and of their dying impressed the pagan Romans, who could not command such unselfishness and daring in the names of their deities.

Half-hearted France could not stand against the German *blitz*. Long before that, the business interests and many other important elements of German life had surrendered to the vigorous Nazis—who "knew what they wanted."

German homes resisted for a time. Many scientists and teachers would not enslave their skill to Hitler—and they left Germany or were locked up. Noble Christian pastors in Germany and in conquered lands like Norway have resisted the Nazi gangsters with whole-hearted fervor, "knowing in whom they have believed."

"This is a fight between a slave world and a free world. Just as the United States in 1862 could not remain half slave and half free, so in 1942 the world must make its decision for a complete victory one way or the other."—Vice-President Wallace, May 8, 1942.

The discussion group can now visualize the "hope for times to come," when one people after another will be restored to liberty and released from terror and slavery.